No. 129 Sept. '69

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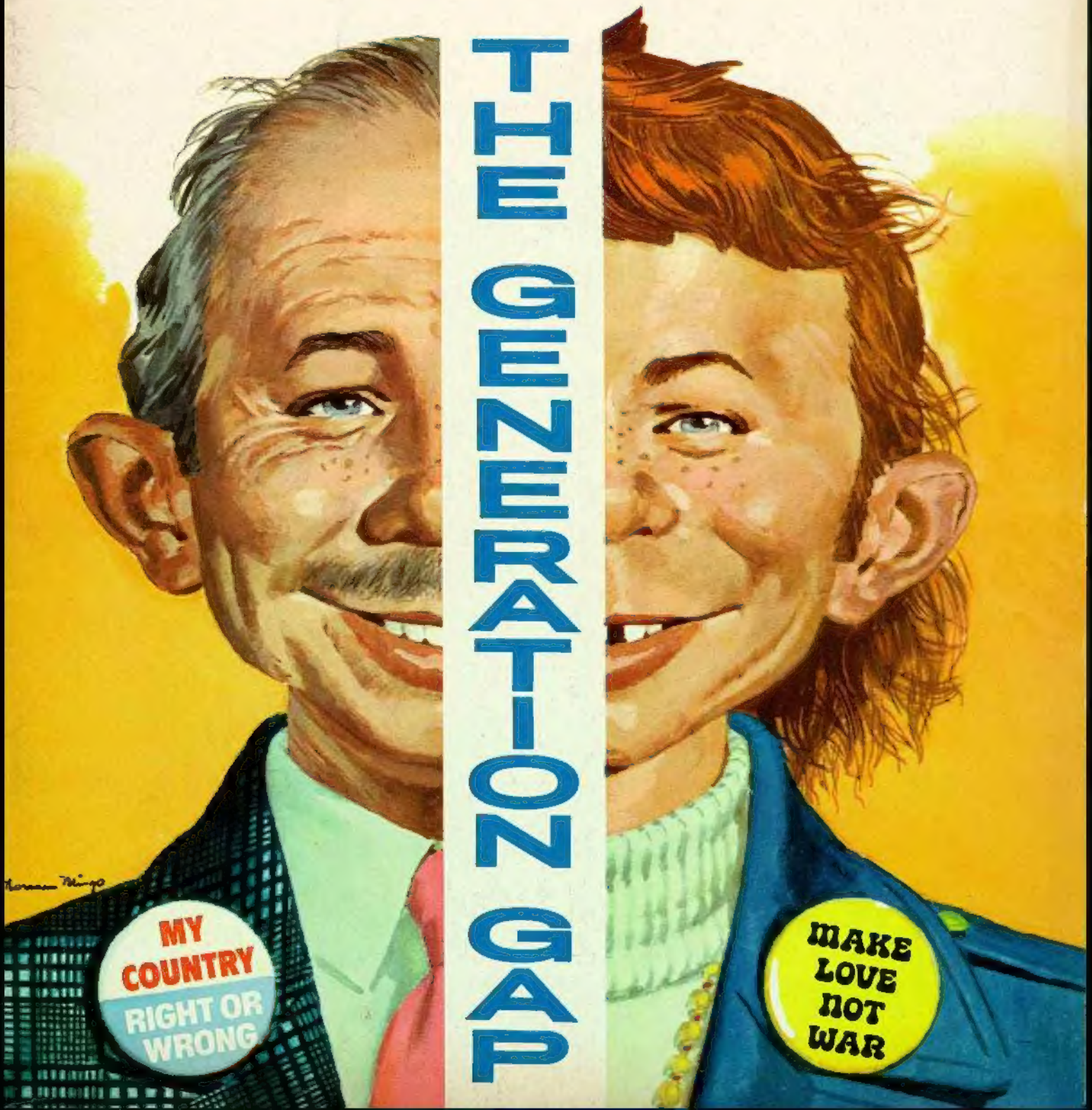

DON MARTIN TAKES A LOOK AT A FAIRY TALE

WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN

NUMBER 129 SEPTEMBER 1969

MAD

"Bachelors, like detergents, work fast and leave no rings!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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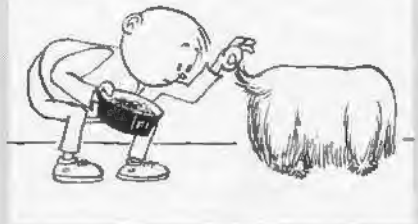

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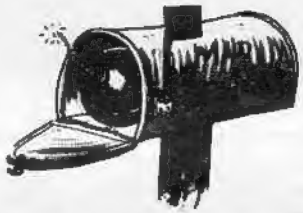
THE PROGRESSION CONTINUES

Yap, the mathematical progression of deals on our full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, continues. In addition to 1 for 25¢, 3 for 50¢ 9 for $1.00 and 27 for $2.00 . . . NOW you can get 81 for $4.00! Now you can paper a whole wall with Alfreds! (If you want to paper a whole room, hold out for the next deal!) Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



BULLBIT

My compliments to Mort Drucker and Al Jaffee on "Bullbit". It was, undoubtedly, one of the funniest and most ridiculing satires I've ever seen in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Mike Pavay
Fork Union, Va.

"Bullbit" was a senseless and tasteless take-off of a sharp and exciting movie!

Tom Mullery
Port Byron, Ill.

I would like to congratulate you on "Bullbit"—the greatest movie satire you have ever published. It was greater than the actual movie.

Gary Kaplan
North Miami Beach, Fla.

How could you do such an inept satire of such a fine movie as "Bullitt"? It's enough to make a Steve McQueen fan cry!

Alan Kolpon
Beaver Falls, Penna.

Steve McQueen is one of my favorite movie stars, but I must admit you really fixed his wagon!

Kevin Clark
Downey, Calif.

Is it true that the movie industry is contemplating a motion picture satirizing MAD Magazine?

Larry Schultz
Bronx, N.Y.

THE BOREDOM OF BASEBALL

Each year, I look forward to watching the first televised baseball game, and each year I'm terribly disappointed. Your article, "The MAD Plan For Combatting The Boredom of Baseball" was the best ever.

Joel Johnson
Rockford, Ill.

Baseball is the most exciting sport in the world, and Jack Davis and Earle Doud should be thrown out of the game!

Joe Fan
Cleveland, Ohio

Earle Doud's "Combatting The Boredom of Baseball" scored a big "hit" with me. I had a "ball" reading it.

Stephen Einbinder
Levittown, L.I., N.Y.

Earle Doud and Jack Davis really "struck out" on this one.

Steve Kornfeind
Hialeah, Fla.

SIGNS OF STATUS

Congratulations to Al Jaffee and Bob Clarke on a perfect masterpiece, "Signs of Status". That one article alone was well worth the 35¢ price of the magazine.

Roberta Solomon
Creve Coeur, Mo.

SEE MY MAGAZINE. SEE ITS APPROPRIATE TITLE:

MAD

MY MAGAZINE INDICATES MY OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR INTELLECT. UNLESS IT INDICATES MY OBVIOUSLY INFERIOR TASTE. IN ANY CASE, I AM PROBABLY AN IDIOT WASTING MY MONEY ON THIS COLLECTION OF RIDICULOUS INANITIES!

Linda Keren
Silver Spring, Md.

See, clods! I am clever and witty enough to have written a letter to MAD that they thought was funny enough to print! Don't you wish you were as clever and witty as me to get your letter printed in MAD? That's status!!

David Gerrold
Van Nuys, Calif.

ODD SQUAD

I love "Mod Squad" and I think your satire of the show was the funniest thing I have ever read. Mort Drucker did a great job with the art work, and the dialogue by Dick De Bartolo was perfect.

Wayne Jones
Duncan, Okla.

"Odd Squad" was the best yet of your TV satires, and the cover was even funnier!

Suzie Welch
Washington, D.C.

The cover on issue #127 featuring the "Odd Squad" was great, but I can't read the artist's name. Who did it?

G.W. Smith
Huntsville, Ala.

Jack Rickard did it! He paints great (see back cover of this issue), but he writes terrible!—Ed.

Why don't you do a satire of the "Mod Squad" about a Rabbi, a Black Muslim and a Nun who don street clothes and weekly salvage the souls of sundry sinners? You could call it the "God Squad".

Jerwhet Haunchyl
Los Angeles, Calif.

IF THE PRESIDENT WERE CHOSEN LIKE "MISS AMERICA"

"If The President Were Chosen Like Miss America" was in extremely bad taste. It was cheap sensationalism, shoddily done, and blatantly humorless. It had a total lack of significance, and came off as a pathetic joke. It was an insult to the American people and to the great American system of government. In fact, it was exactly like the Republican and Democratic conventions!

Steve Conlin
North Hollywood, Calif.

MAD's way of choosing the President makes about as much sense as the way we choose him now.

Lee Frausel
San Diego, Calif.

THE GENERATION GAP

Congratulations! You have succeeded where others have failed. Your article, "The Lighter Side of the Generation Gap", shows the idiotic behavior of BOTH sides, something hardly anyone is doing these days.

Billy Moody
No Address Given

"The Lighter Side of the Generation Gap" was the finest article Dave Berg has done. He really did his homework on this one. Congratulations on another winner!

Kent Dickson
Doylestown, Pa.

REALISTIC DOLLS

"A MAD Look at Realistic Dolls" was thoroughly enjoyable. Although humorous, it was at the same time painfully to the point. Truly a masterpiece of satire.

Mark Fagerburg
Long Beach, Calif.

"Keen", "Boobie", "G.I. Joey" and "Afro" are more REAL in today's society than we are willing to admit. It's the first MAD article that really made me stop and think about how bad things are getting, and how little we are doing about it.

Ruth Dudley
Meridian, N.Y.

THE 60-SECOND DISAPPOINTMENT

"The 60-Second Disappointment" was the most hilarious satire of an advertising campaign that I have ever seen in my entire life. You did a bea-u-ti-ful job! THAT'S HANGING IN THERE, MAD!

Paul Viavoda
Huntington, N.Y.

On the back cover of #127, you had "The 60-Second Disappointment". When I finished reading the rest of the magazine, I felt it was a "35-Cent Disappointment"!

Jan Sinowitz
Bronx, N.Y.

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NUTS

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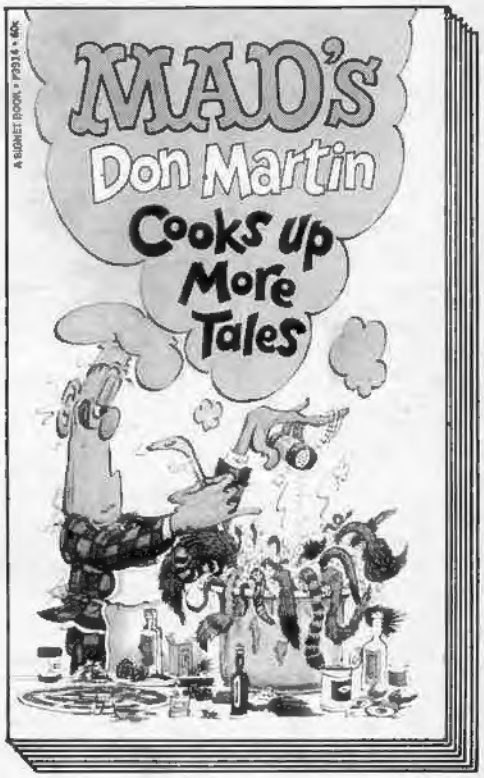

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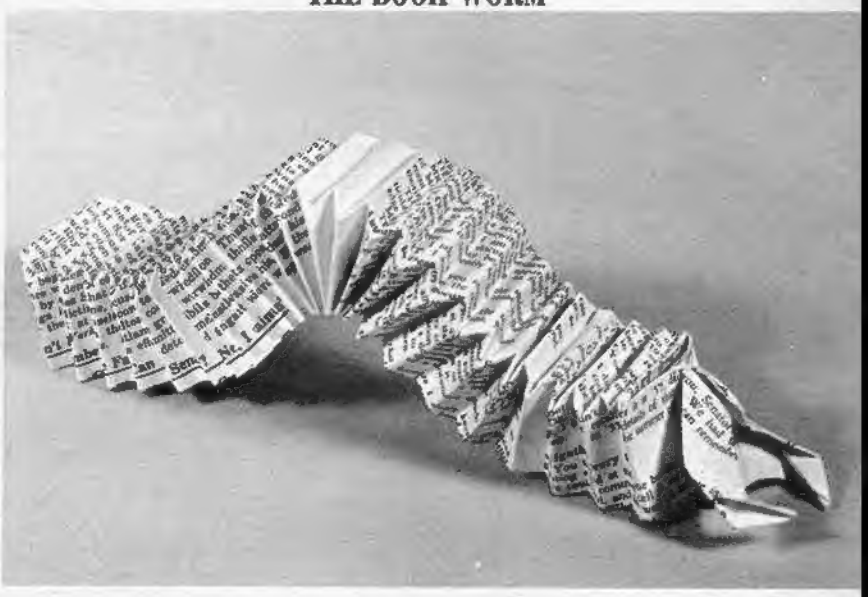
ECCHOLOGY DEPT.

We received innumerable comments and inquiries concerning the marvelous Origami animals made expressly for MAD's recently-concluded subscription ad series by Giuseppe Baggi. And so, in response to popular demand, Mr. Baggi returns with his unique . . .

MAD ORIGAMI ZOO

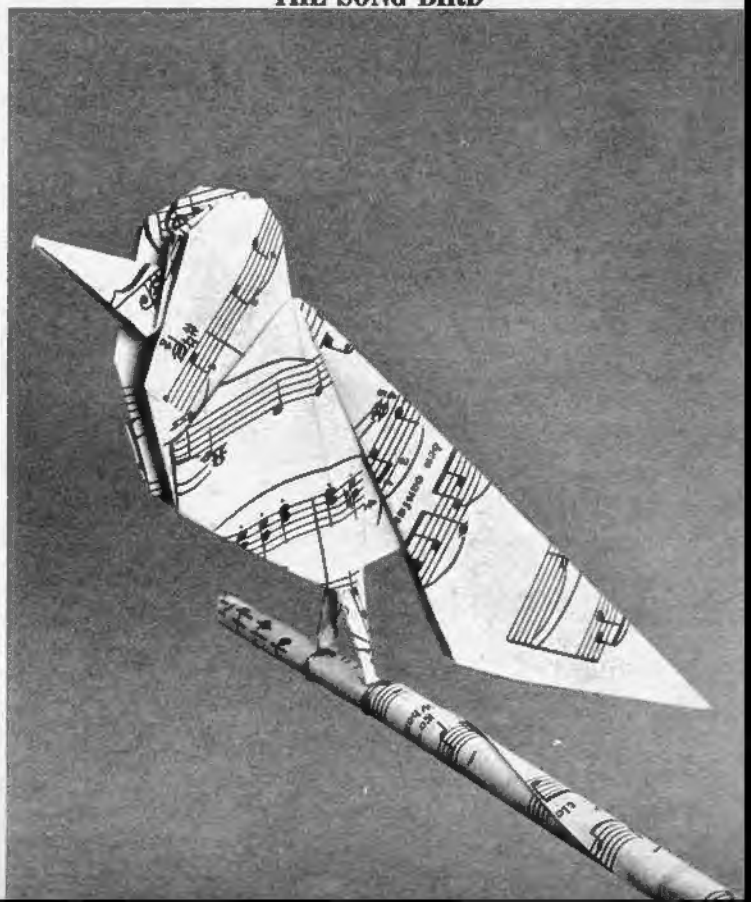
THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

THE BOOK WORM



THE WALL STREET BULLS AND BEARS

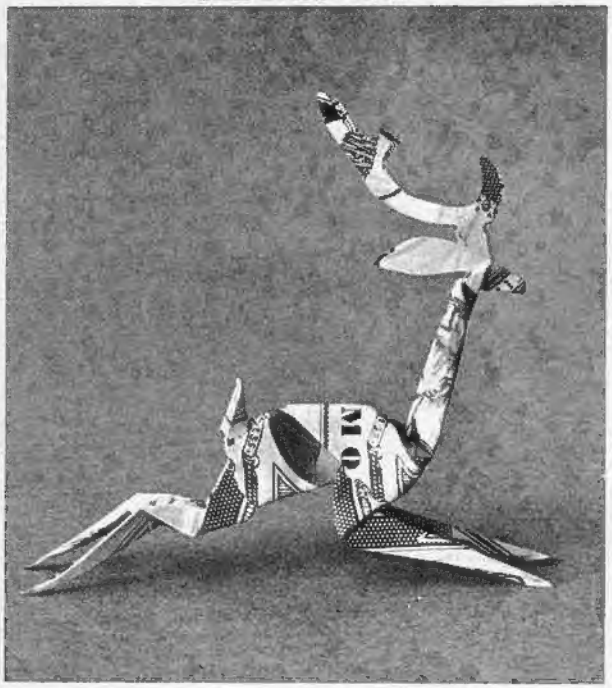
THE SONG BIRD



OF CLICHÉ CREATURES

ORIGAMI BY GIUSEPPE BAGGI WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

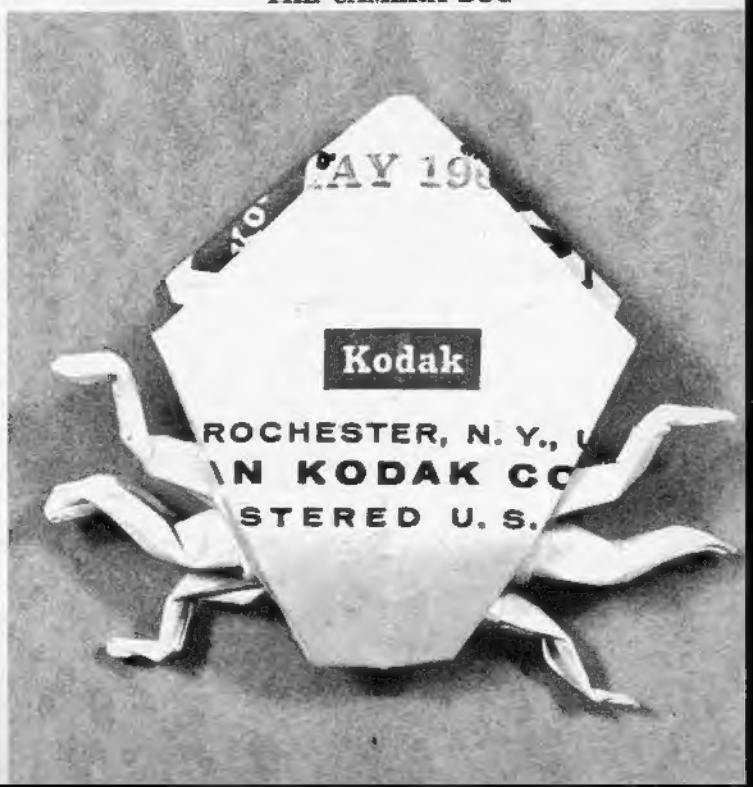
THE FAST BUCK



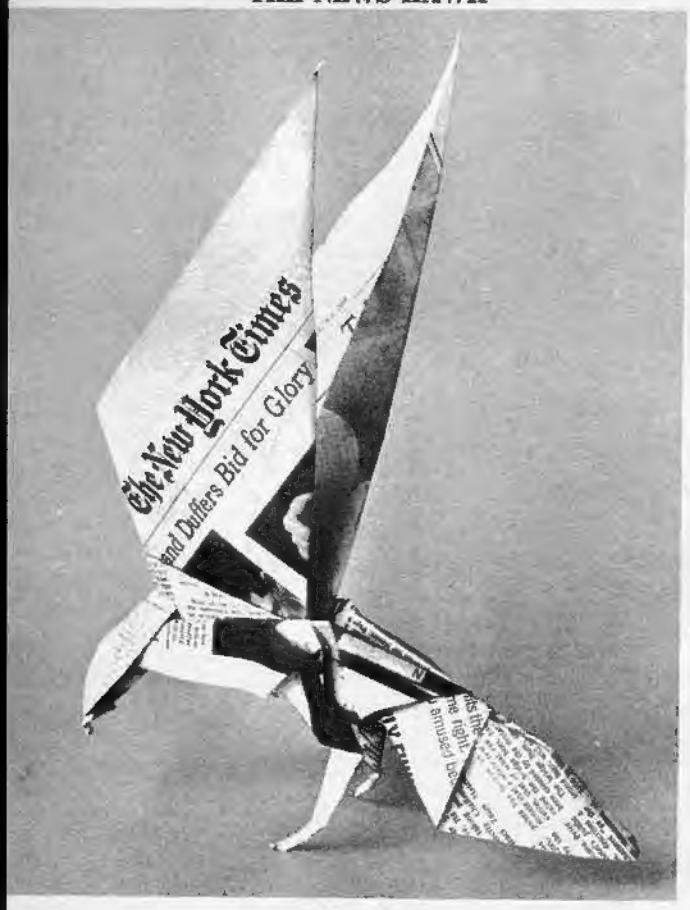
THE BOOZE HOUNDS

THE CLOTHES HORSE

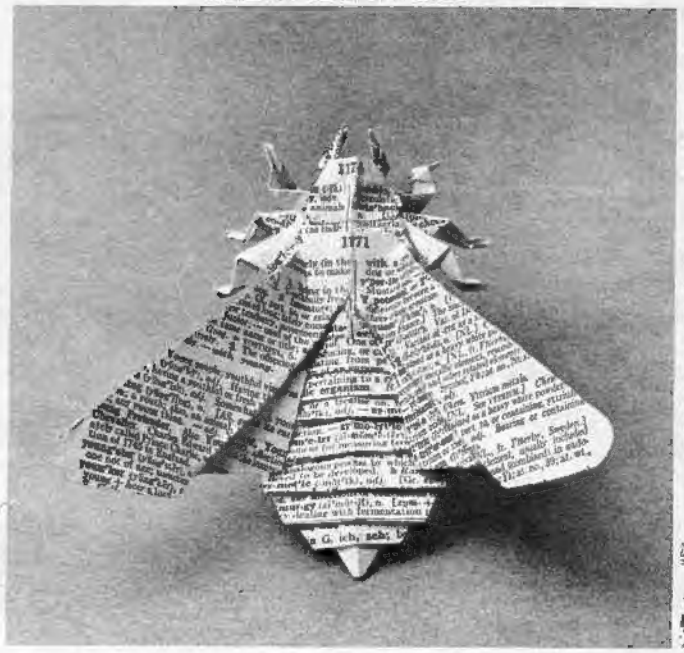
THE CAMERA BUG



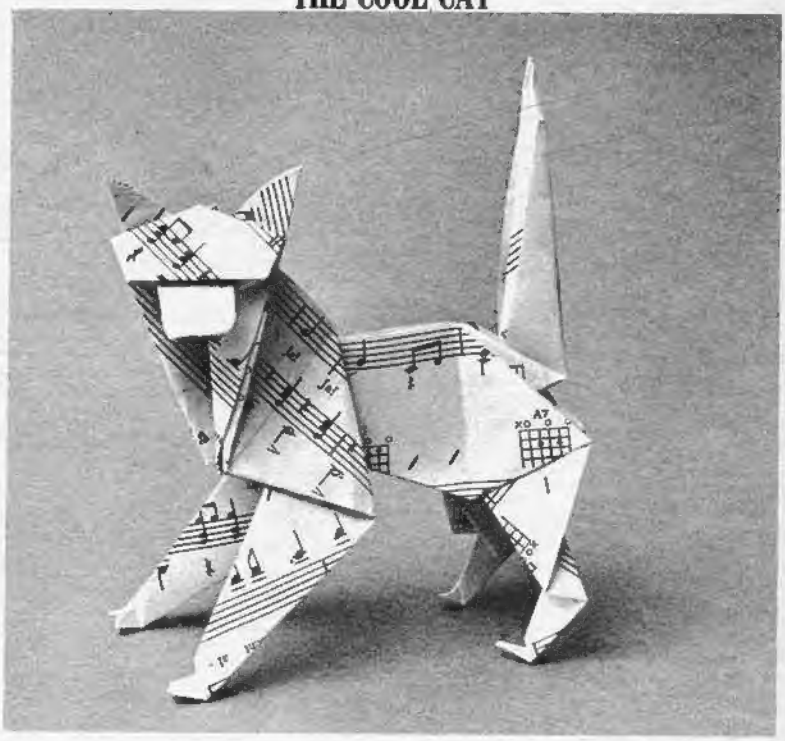
THE NEWS HAWK



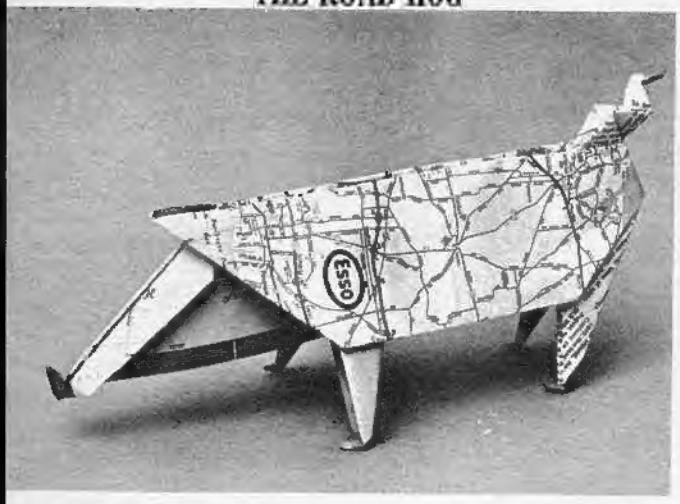
THE SPELLING BEE



THE COOL CAT



THE ROAD HOG



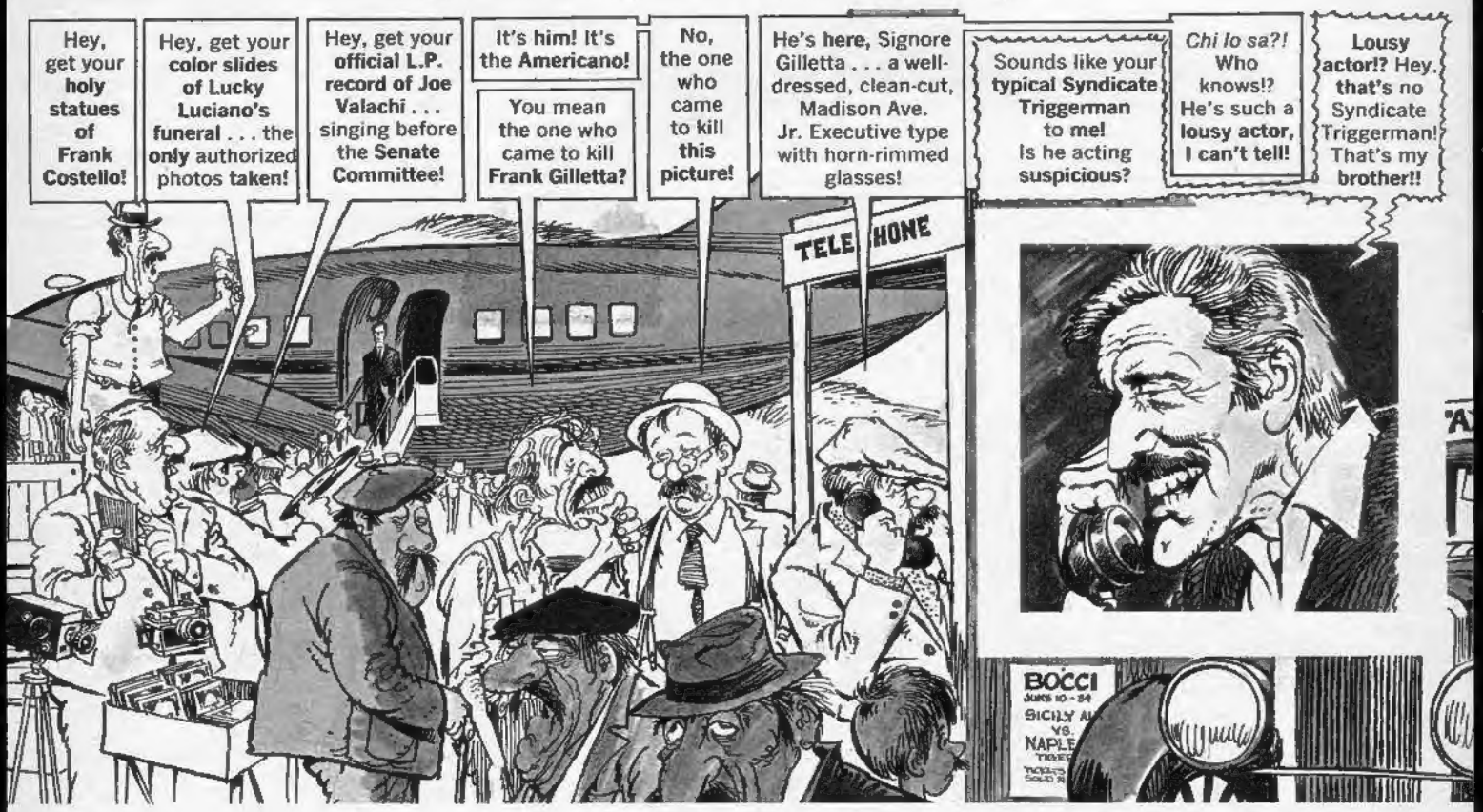
THE CARD SHARK

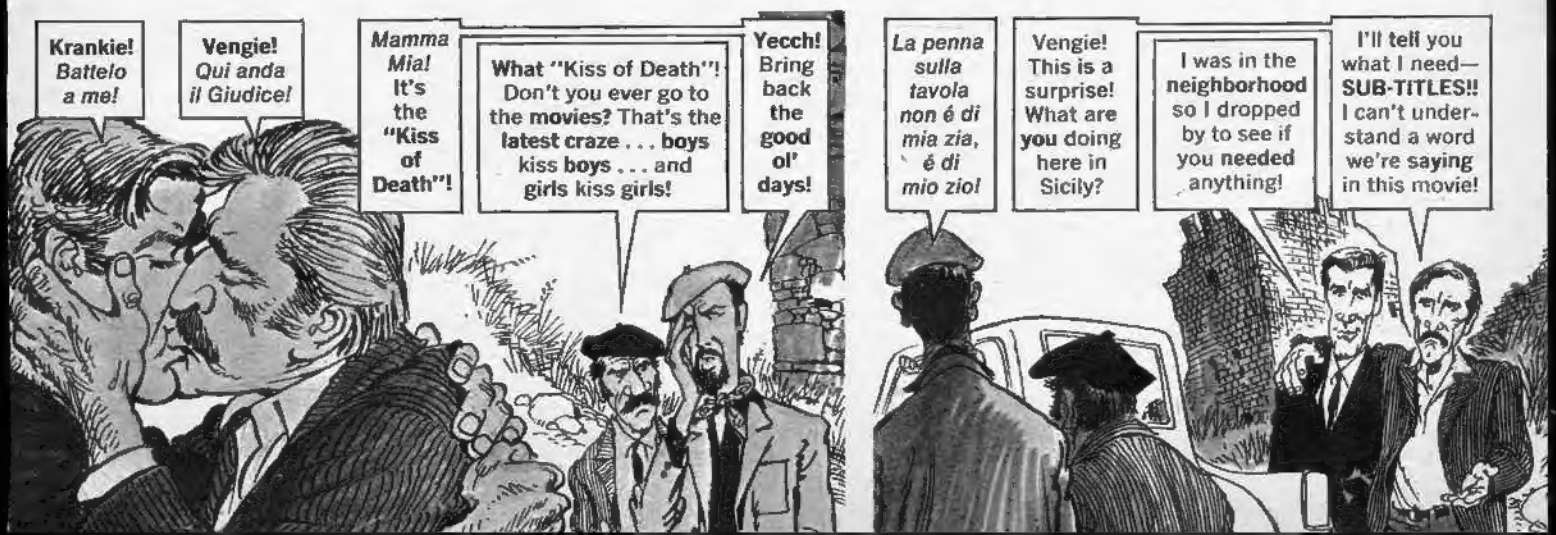
KISSY-KISSY, BANG-BANG DEPT.

We hear that a lot of Italian-American Societies are up in arms over a recent motion picture because it casts a slur against honest, upstanding Italian-Americans. And we can understand their position. But what we *can't* understand is why a lot of Hollywood Societies aren't up in arms over this movie . . . because it casts a slur against honest, upstanding Movie-Makers. You'll see what we mean as we present this MAD version of . . .

THE BROTHER HOODS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE





Aida! Look who's here! It's Vengie!

Hey, is that all the luggage you brought?

Actually, I just stopped in for a bit to eat, Krank! I hate to hit and run . . . I mean EAT and run, but . . .

Did you hear that, woman? Vengie just dropped by to join us for supper!

Something tells me it's gonna be your LAST SUPPER, Krank . . . unless that's his toothbrush he just dropped!

CLUNK!

Wait, I'll ask him! Er, Vengie! Vengie . . . ? Hey, what's the matter?

Don't disturb him, Krankie! He's trying to remember the past!

Oh, I thought he was trying to remember his line!

Your brother is lucky to get a girl like my Enema. Just by looking at her, you can tell she's built to have plenty of bambinos!

Your Enema is lucky to get a guy like my brother! He's got a great future!

Where? In the Mafia?

Where else? In the movies? An actor, he's not!

This is a beautiful wedding, Vengie . . . but that centerpiece!

Gee, Enema! That's a gift from my brother, Krankie! He had it shot especially for the occasion!

Salvatore, you stupido pig! Get offa the table! That ain't your seat! And can't you wait for everybody else before you start-a to eat?! *Contadino ignorante Siciliano!*

Mamma mia, hó un mal di testa Excedrin!

Well, kid! What are your plans?

I want to come in with you, Krankie!

I'm glad you feel that way, Vengie! I need somebody like you in the business!

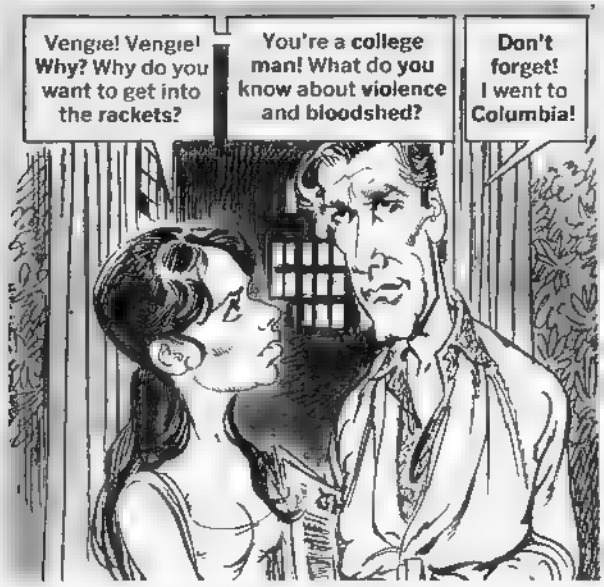
You mean somebody you can trust?

No . . . I mean somebody who can talk English!

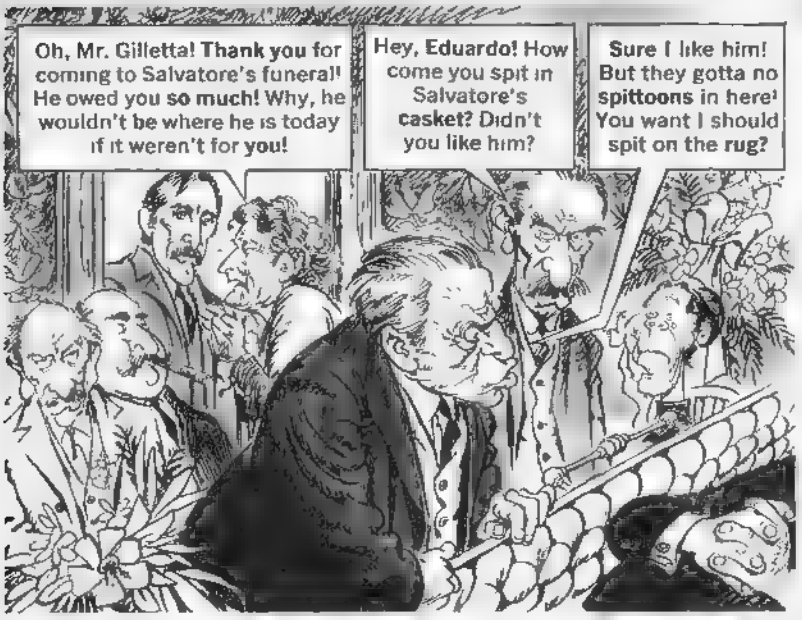
Now, the first thing on Monday morning . . .

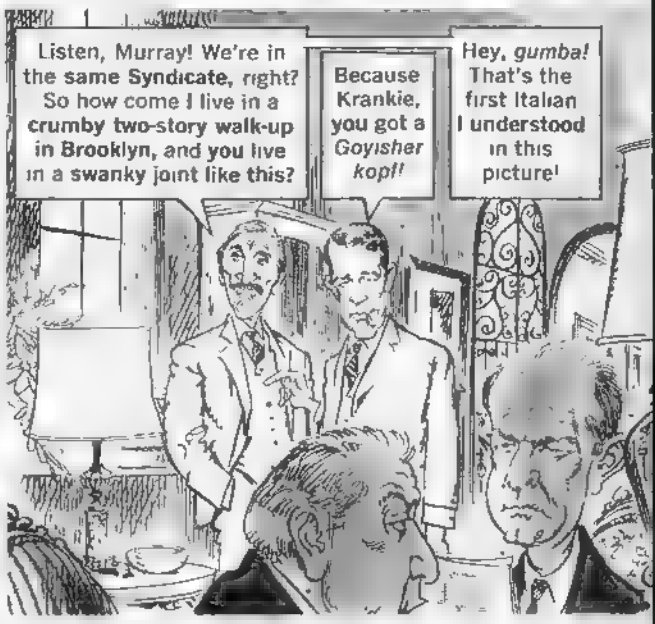
Hold it, Krankie! Take it easy! I'm just married!

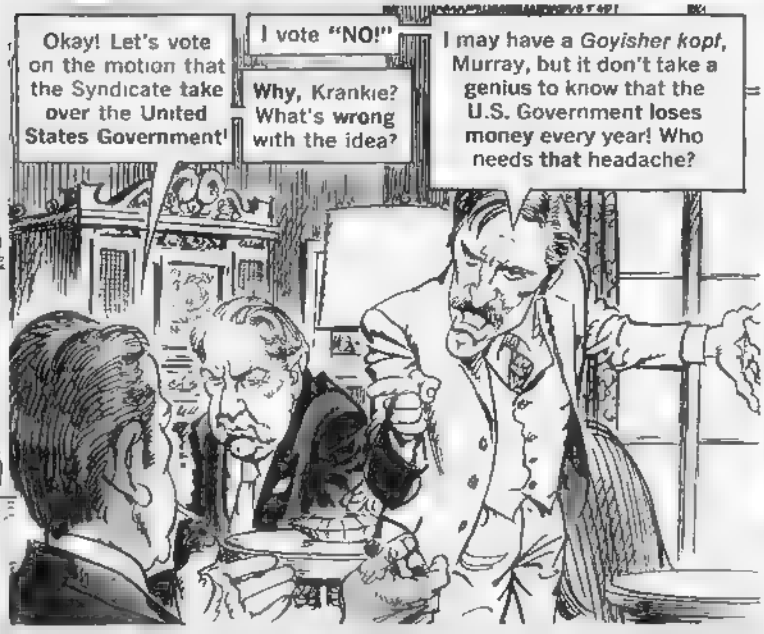
Okay, TUESDAY morning . . .


Vengie! Vengie! Why? Why do you want to get into the rackets?
You're a college man! What do you know about violence and bloodshed?
Don't forget! I went to Columbia!

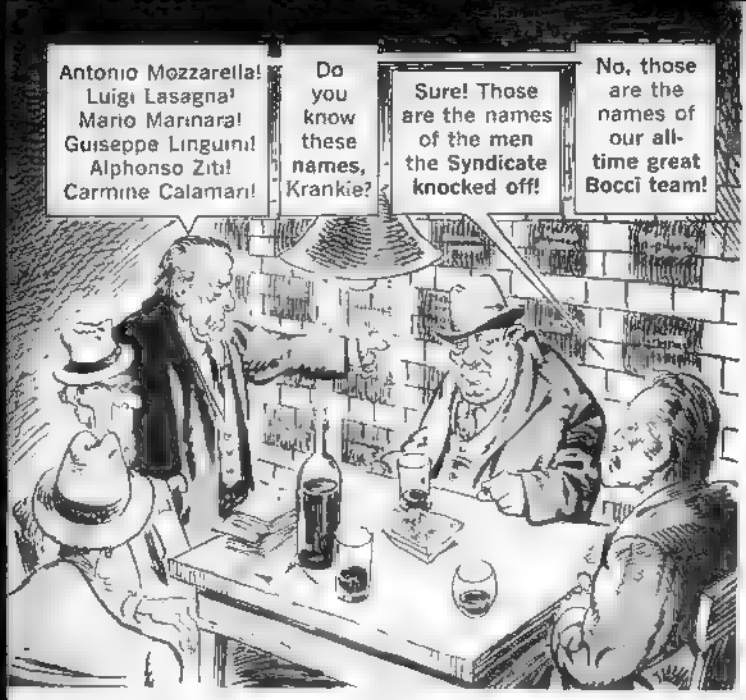
All right! Have it your own way! Only never tell me what you do! I don't want to hear how you get your blood money!
Gee . . . I didn't know you felt so strongly about it!
Well, I do! Now pass me the Real Estate Section so I can find us a $250,000 brownstone in Brooklyn Heights!
Then we'll have to go to Paris to pick out the furniture for it!


Oh, Mr. Gilletta! Thank you for coming to Salvatore's funeral! He owed you so much! Why, he wouldn't be where he is today if it weren't for you!
Hey, Eduardo! How come you spit in Salvatore's casket? Didn't you like him?
Sure I like him! But they gotta no spittoons in here! You want I should spit on the rug?

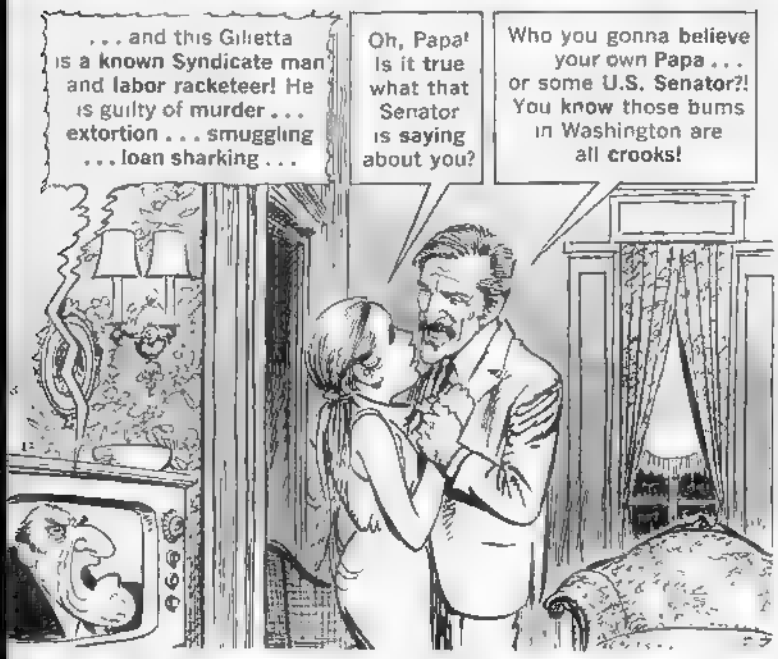

Listen, Murray! We're in the same Syndicate, right? So how come I live in a crumby two-story walk-up in Brooklyn, and you live in a swanky joint like this?
Because Krankie, you got a Goyisher kopf!
Hey, gumba! That's the first Italian I understood in this picture!

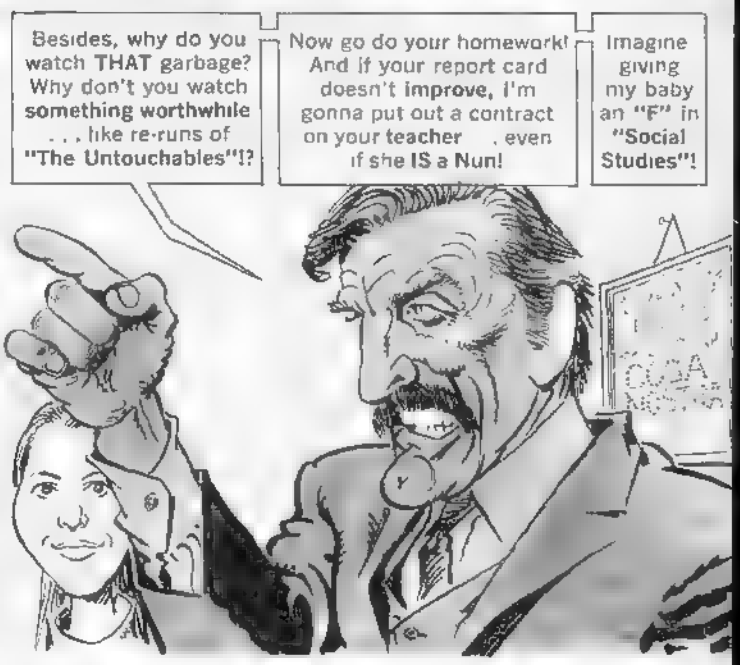

Okay! Let's vote on the motion that the Syndicate take over the United States Government!
I vote "NO!"
Why, Krankie? What's wrong with the idea?
I may have a Goyisher kopf, Murray, but it don't take a genius to know that the U.S. Government loses money every year! Who needs that headache?

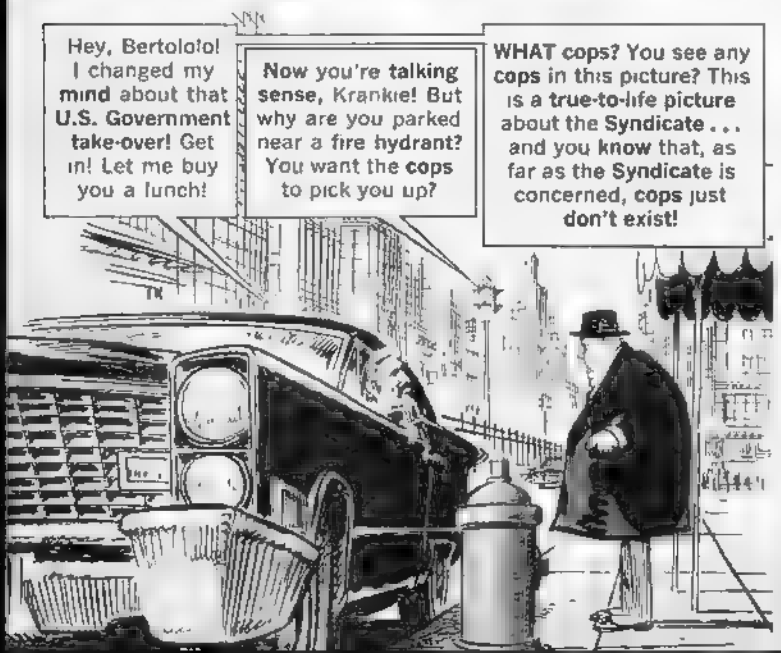
The—hic—the shtoopid zipper is—hic—shtuck! Hol' shtill—hic—an' I'll shoot it open!
Tell me something, Krankie! If this whole flashback is taking place in your brother's mind, how come he knows what happened here in our bedroom?
Now you know why the Mafia is called a "SECRET Society"!


Antonio Mozzarella! Luigi Lasagna! Mario Marinara! Guiseppe Linguini! Alphonso Ziti! Carmine Calamari!
Do you know these names, Krankie?
Sure! Those are the names of the men the Syndicate knocked off!
No, those are the names of our all-time great Bocci team!

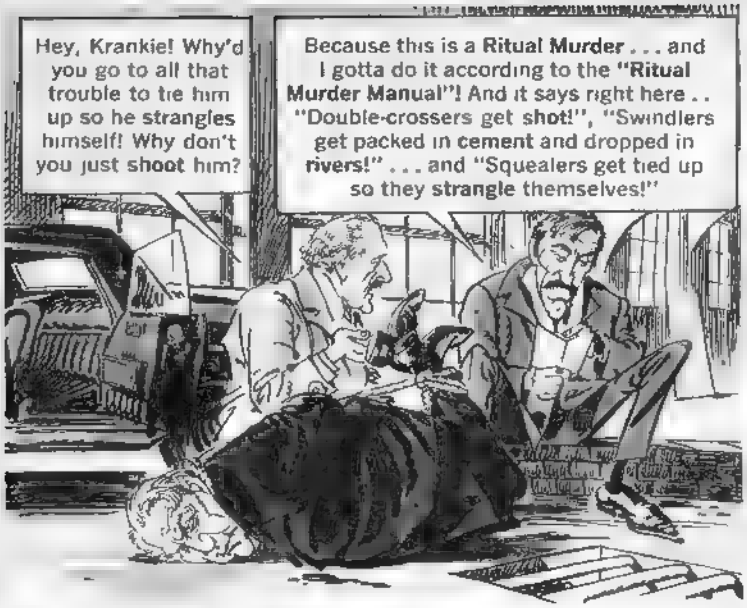
But we do know who squealed on your Papa, Krankie! It was Duminick Bertololo!
You gotta make him pay! You gotta kill him, Krankie!
But Bertololo is family! He's my brother's Father-in-Law! How come you waited 30 years to tell me?
We just found out today! Our informant forgot to put the zip code on the envelope!

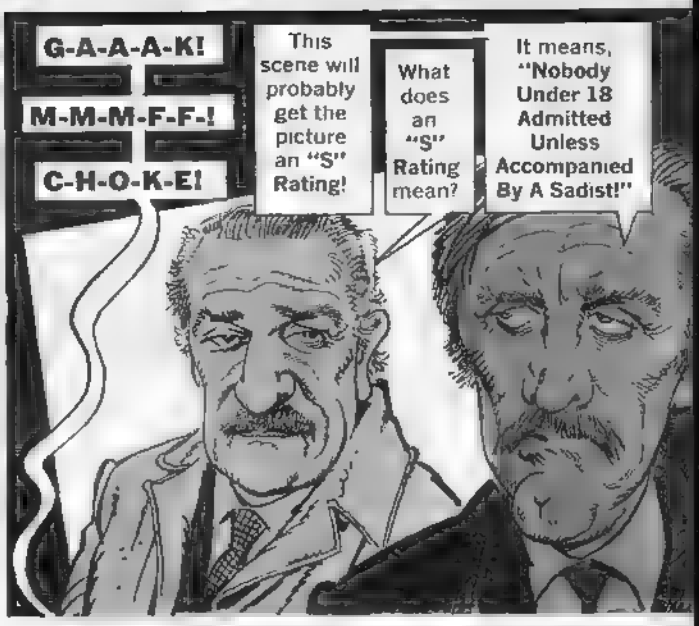

. . . and this Gilletta is a known Syndicate man and labor racketeer! He is guilty of murder . . . extortion . . . smuggling . . . loan sharking . . .
Oh, Papa! Is it true what that Senator is saying about you?
Who you gonna believe your own Papa . . . or some U.S. Senator?! You know those bums in Washington are all crooks!


Besides, why do you watch THAT garbage? Why don't you watch something worthwhile . . . like re-runs of "The Untouchables"!?
Now go do your homework! And if your report card doesn't improve, I'm gonna put out a contract on your teacher . . . even if she IS a Nun!
Imagine giving my baby an "F" in "Social Studies"!

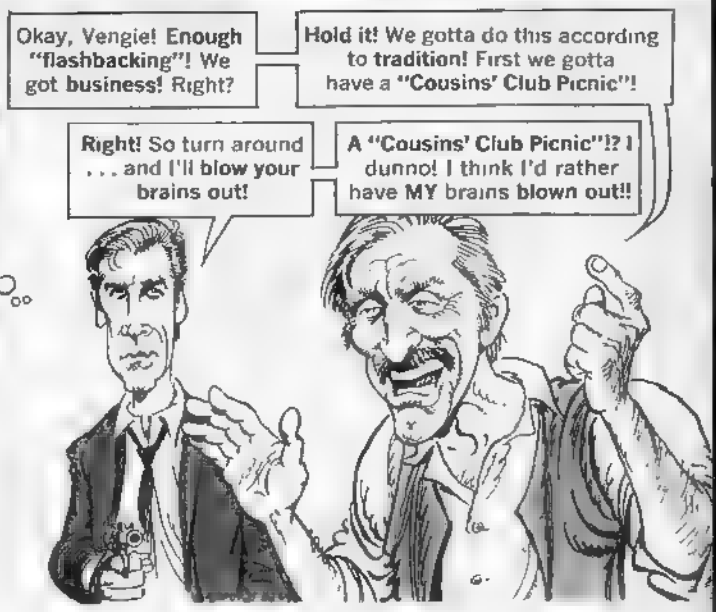

Hey, Bertololo! I changed my mind about that U.S. Government take-over! Get in! Let me buy you a lunch!
Now you're talking sense, Krankie! But why are you parked near a fire hydrant? You want the cops to pick you up?
WHAT cops? You see any cops in this picture? This is a true-to-life picture about the Syndicate . . . and you know that, as far as the Syndicate is concerned, cops just don't exist!

Hey, remember the time I had a contract on Angie LaBonza, and I shot his brother by mistake? Ha-ha! The organization got a bargain that time, eh, Dum? Two hits for the price of one!
And remember the time I shot Tony Brazzioli in front of witnesses—heh-heh!—and they picked up some idiot named Frank Gorshin?
Heh-heh! Oh, Krankie—you —heh-heh— kill me!
That's right, fink! As soon as we get where we're going!

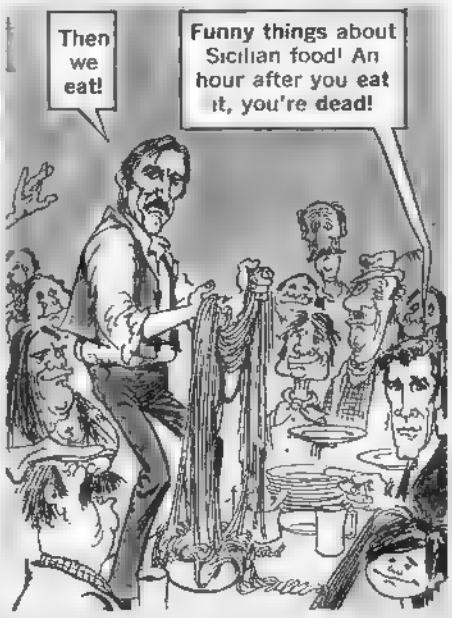

Hey, Krankie! Why'd you go to all that trouble to tie him up so he strangles himself! Why don't you just shoot him?
Because this is a Ritual Murder . . . and I gotta do it according to the "Ritual Murder Manual"! And it says right here . . "Double-crossers get shot!", "Swindlers get packed in cement and dropped in rivers!" . . . and "Squealers get tied up so they strangle themselves!"


G-A-A-A-K!
M-M-M-F-F-!
C-H-O-K-E!
This scene will probably get the picture an "S" Rating!
What does an "S" Rating mean?
It means, "Nobody Under 18 Admitted Unless Accompanied By A Sadist!"

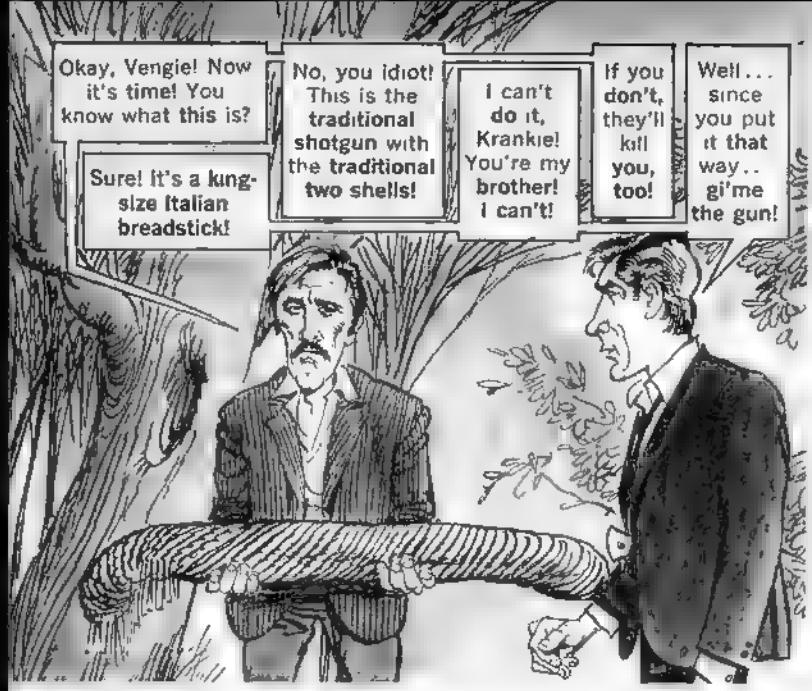
I say, "Hit!"
Yeah, "Hit!"
"Hit!"
You heard the vote, Vengie! You gotta hit your brother!
Okay, I'll do it! I'll give him such a hit! I'll give him a left to the eye . . . No, a right to the mouth . . .
Managgia! Whose idea was it to bring College Men into the Organization?!

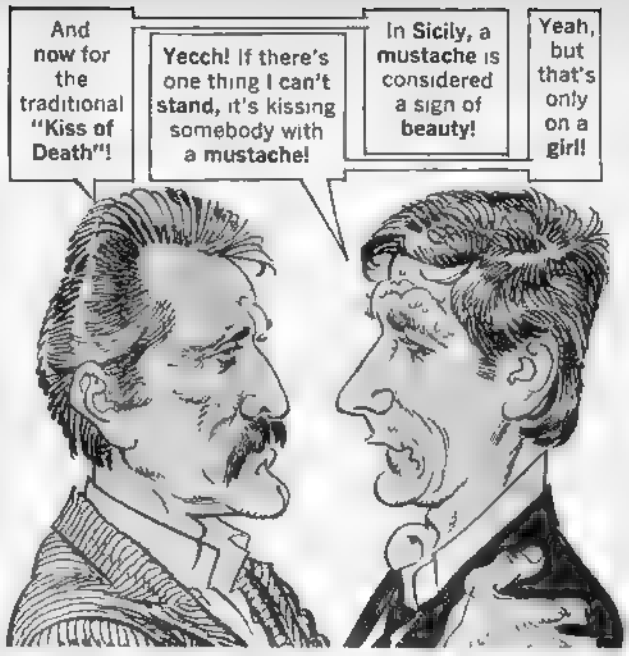

Okay, Vengie! Enough "flashbacking"! We got business! Right?
Hold it! We gotta do this according to tradition! First we gotta have a "Cousins' Club Picnic"!
Right! So turn around . . . and I'll blow your brains out!
A "Cousins' Club Picnic"!? I dunno! I think I'd rather have MY brains blown out!!

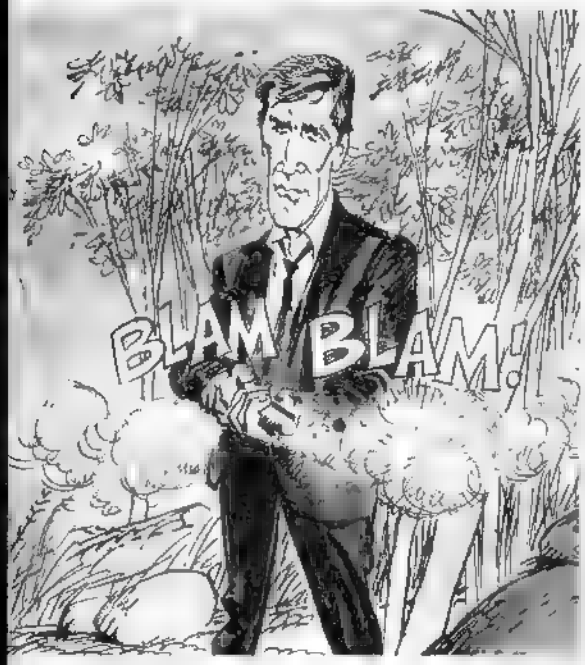
First, we dance!
Listen, two guys kissing was bad enough! But this—

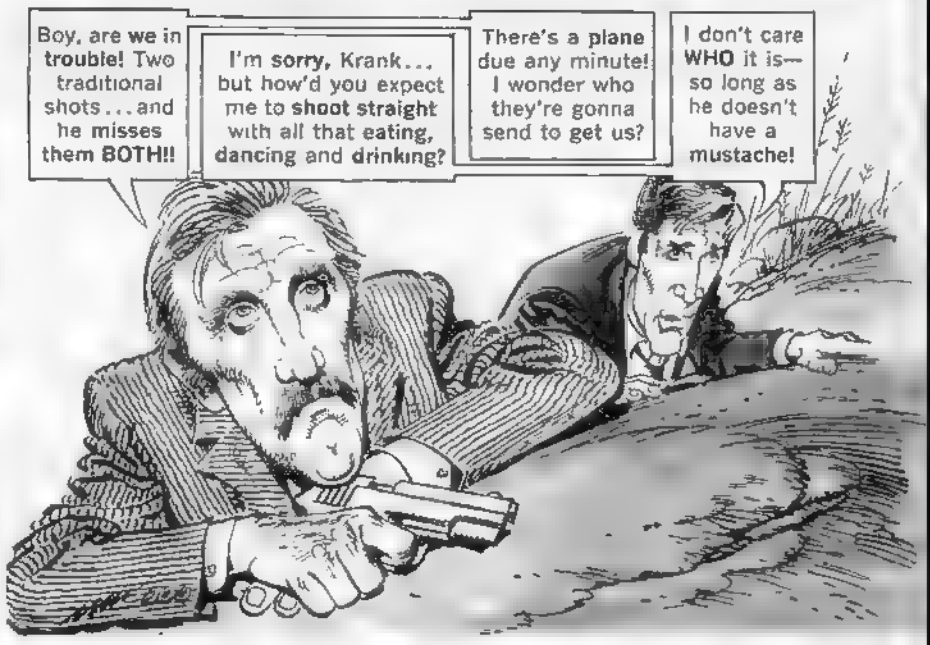

Then we eat!
Funny things about Sicilian food! An hour after you eat it, you're dead!

. . . and then we drink!!
Boy, this sure beats getting zapped in a dark alley, or in a junkyard in Jersey!


Okay, Vengie! Now it's time! You know what this is?
Sure! It's a king-size Italian breadstick!
No, you idiot! This is the traditional shotgun with the traditional two shells!
I can't do it, Krankie! You're my brother! I can't!
If you don't, they'll kill you, too!
Well... since you put it that way.. gi'me the gun!


And now for the traditional "Kiss of Death"!
Yecch! If there's one thing I can't stand, it's kissing somebody with a mustache!
In Sicily, a mustache is considered a sign of beauty!
Yeah, but that's only on a girl!


BLAM BLAM!

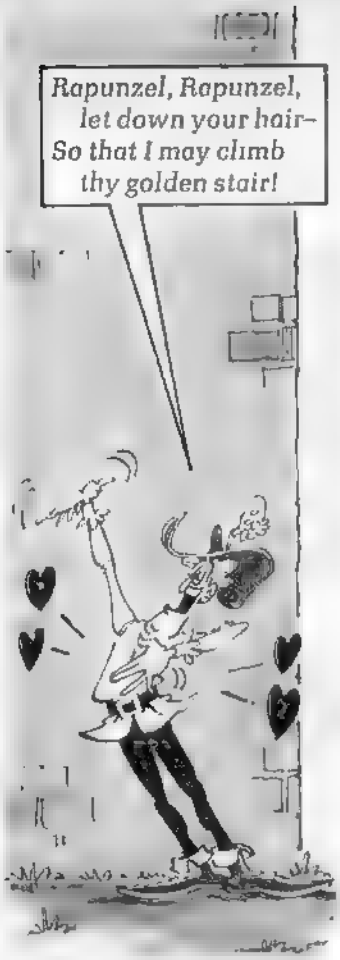

Boy, are we in trouble! Two traditional shots... and he misses them BOTH!!
I'm sorry, Krank... but how'd you expect me to shoot straight with all that eating, dancing and drinking?
There's a plane due any minute! I wonder who they're gonna send to get us?
I don't care WHO it is— so long as he doesn't have a mustache!

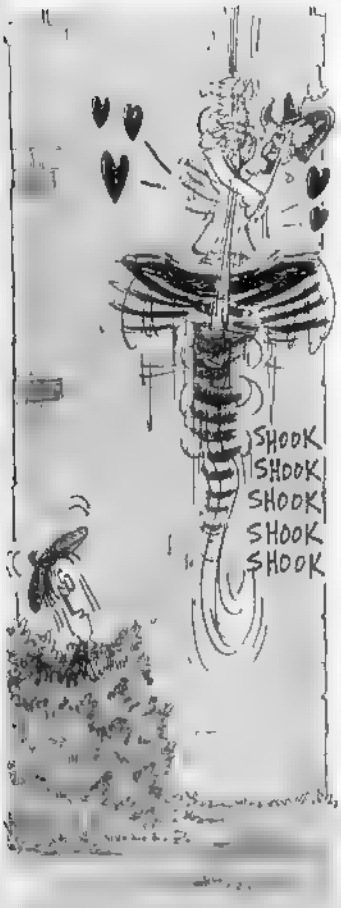
They're here, Krankie! They're here!
Hey, are you guys from the Syndicate?

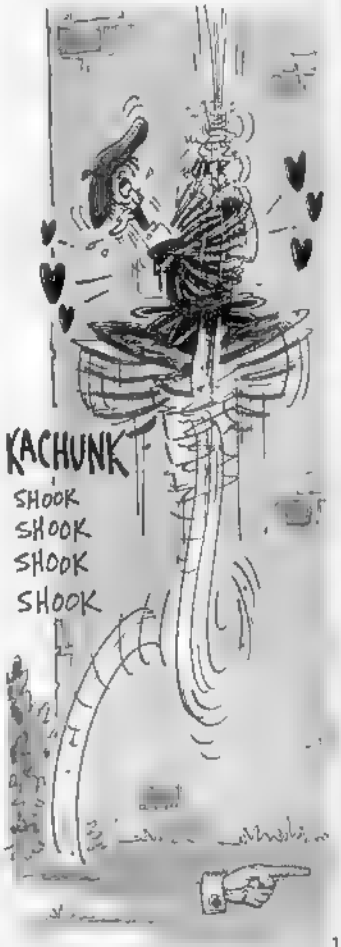
No...we're from the Italian Anti-Defamation League!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

DON MARTIN TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT THE SAME FAIRY TALE





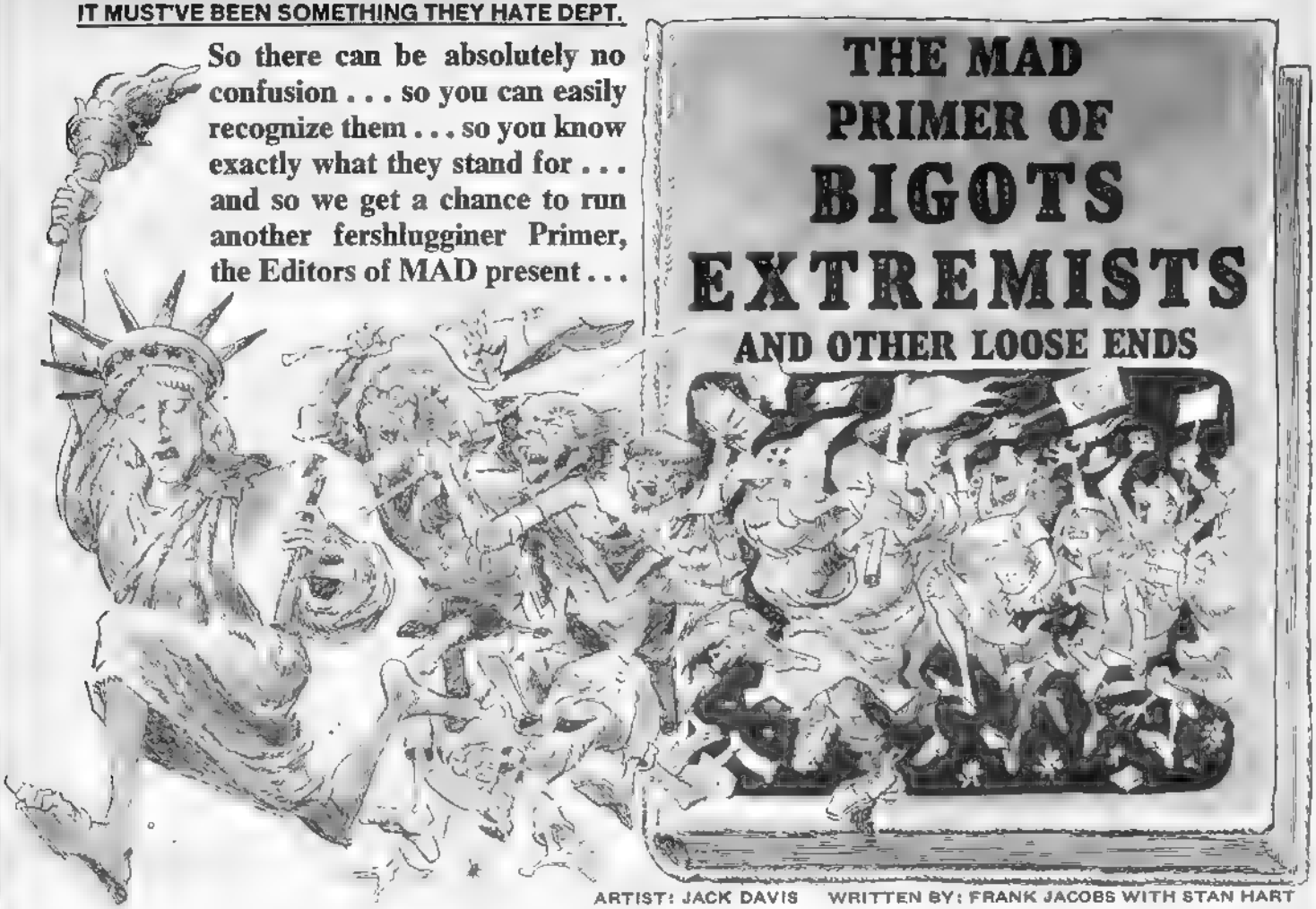


IT MUST'VE BEEN SOMETHING THEY HATE DEPT.

So there can be absolutely no confusion . . . so you can easily recognize them . . . so you know exactly what they stand for . . . and so we get a chance to run another fershlugginer Primer, the Editors of MAD present . . .

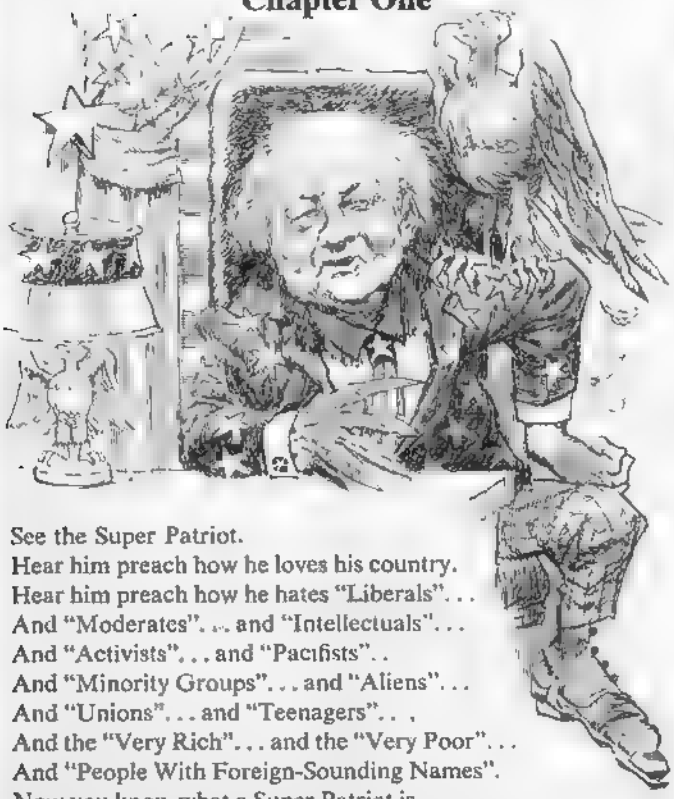
THE MAD PRIMER OF BIGOTS EXTREMISTS

AND OTHER LOOSE ENDS



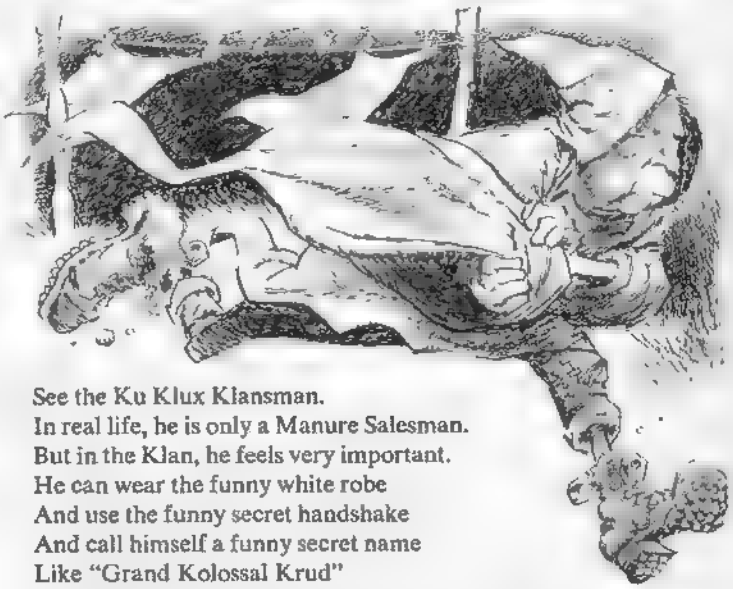
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITTEN BY: FRANK JACOBS WITH STAN HART

Chapter One



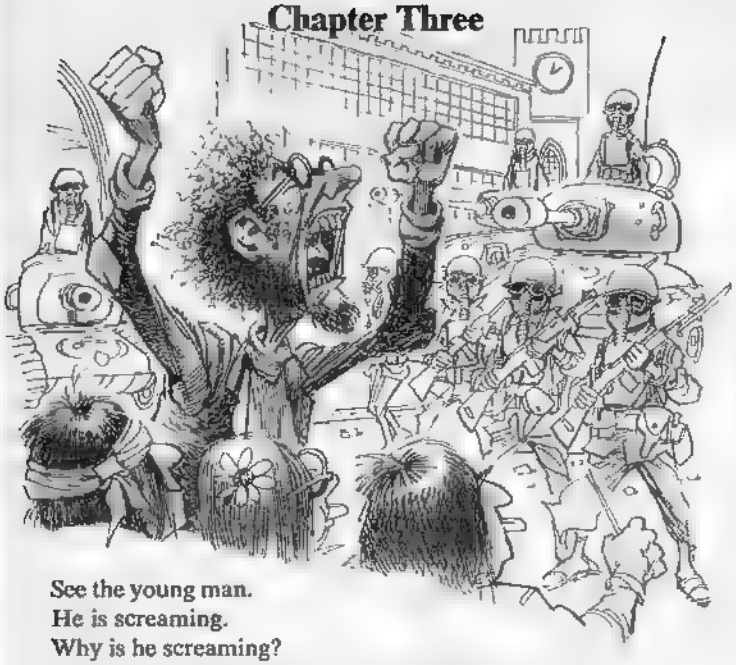
See the Super Patriot.
Hear him preach how he loves his country.
Hear him preach how he hates "Liberals"...
And "Moderates"... and "Intellectuals"...
And "Activists"... and "Pacifists"..
And "Minority Groups"... and "Aliens"...
And "Unions"... and "Teenagers"...
And the "Very Rich"... and the "Very Poor"...
And "People With Foreign-Sounding Names".
Now you know what a Super Patriot is.
He's someone who loves his country
While hating 93% of the people who live in it.

Chapter Two



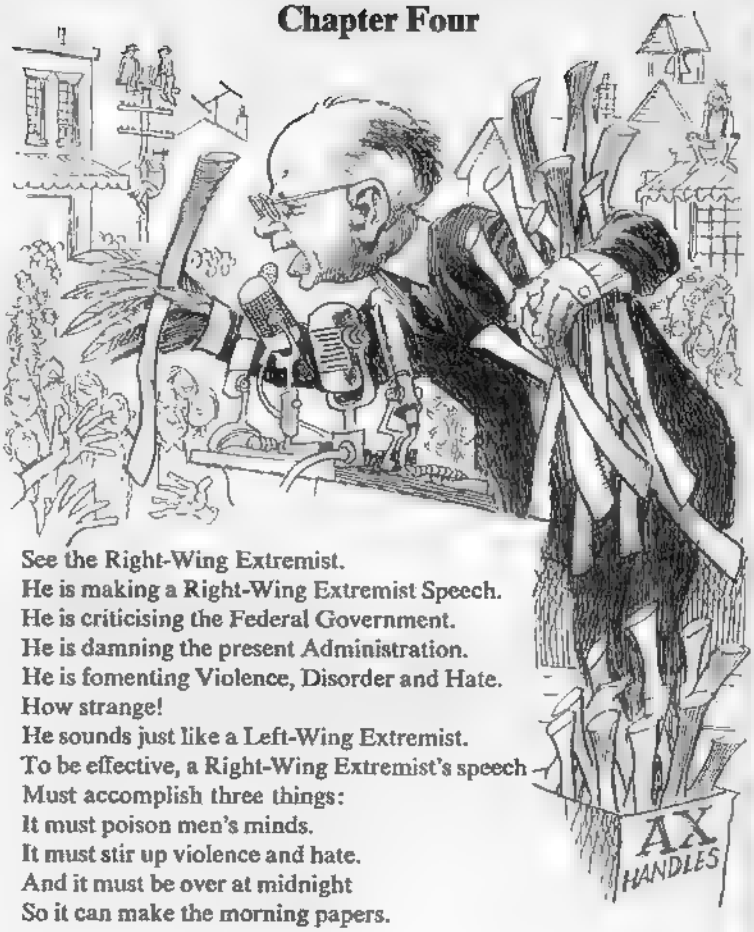
See the Ku Klux Klansman.
In real life, he is only a Manure Salesman.
But in the Klan, he feels very important.
He can wear the funny white robe
And use the funny secret handshake
And call himself a funny secret name
Like "Grand Kolossal Krud"
Which is another way of saying "Manure Salesman".
All Klansmen call themselves funny secret names
Like "Kleagle" and "Dragon" and "Imperial Wizard".
But the funniest thing Klansmen call themselves
Is "Grownups".
The Ku Klux Klan has been fighting "School Desegregation".
Klansmen don't want to change their educational system.
They want their children to have the same opportunities they had
To become ignorant.

Chapter Three



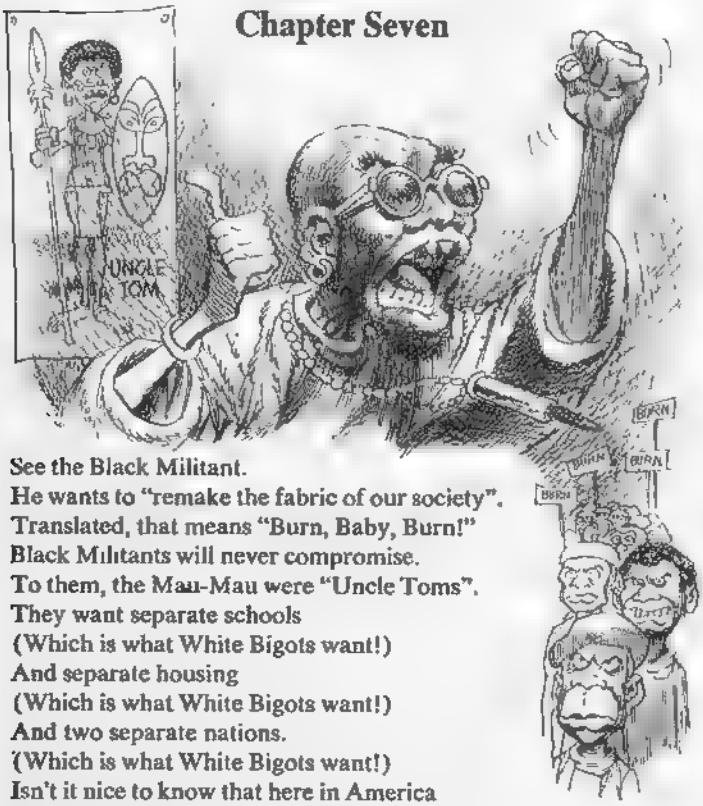
See the young man.
He is screaming.
Why is he screaming?
He feels he is being victimized by a Ruthless Power.
He feels he is being oppressed by a Military Aggressor.
He feels he is being enslaved by a Totalitarian Regime.
Is he a Czech Liberal?
Or a Hungarian Revolutionist?
No! The young man is an American Student.
He is a member of the "New Left".
But not for long.
Next year, he graduates.

Chapter Four



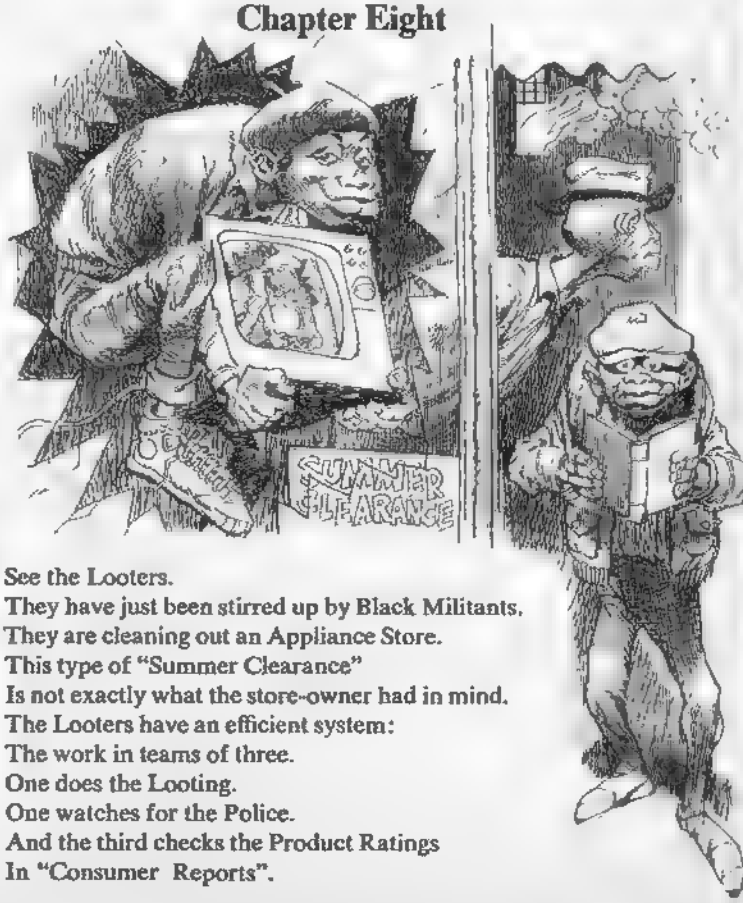
See the Right-Wing Extremist.
He is making a Right-Wing Extremist Speech.
He is criticising the Federal Government.
He is damning the present Administration.
He is fomenting Violence, Disorder and Hate.
How strange!
He sounds just like a Left-Wing Extremist.
To be effective, a Right-Wing Extremist's speech
Must accomplish three things:
It must poison men's minds.
It must stir up violence and hate.
And it must be over at midnight
So it can make the morning papers.

Chapter Seven



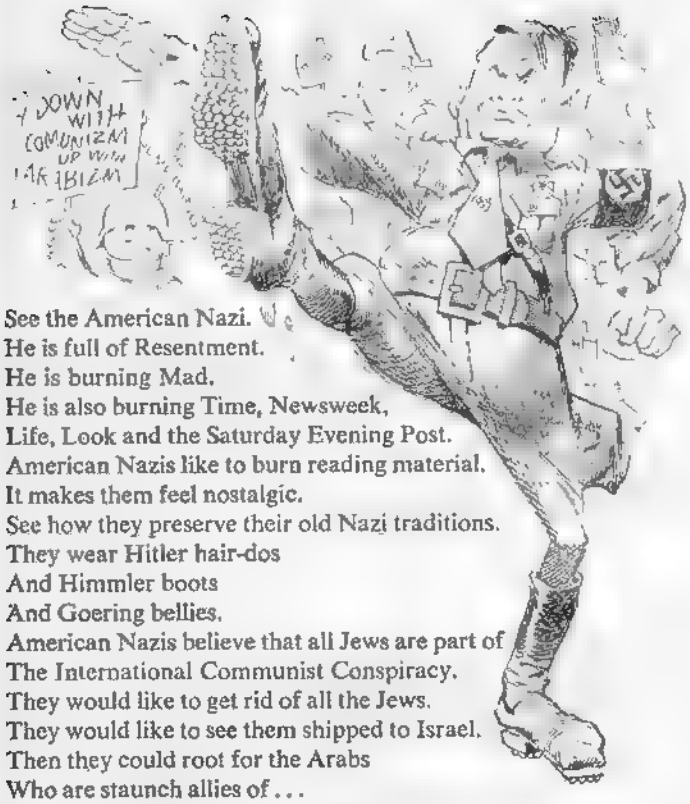
See the Black Militant.
He wants to "remake the fabric of our society".
Translated, that means "Burn, Baby, Burn!"
Black Militants will never compromise.
To them, the Mau-Mau were "Uncle Toms".
They want separate schools
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
And separate housing
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
And two separate nations.
(Which is what White Bigots want!)
Isn't it nice to know that here in America
Black men and White men
Are working side by side
For the same cause.

Chapter Eight



See the Looters.
They have just been stirred up by Black Militants.
They are cleaning out an Appliance Store.
This type of "Summer Clearance"
Is not exactly what the store-owner had in mind.
The Looters have an efficient system:
The work in teams of three.
One does the Looting.
One watches for the Police.
And the third checks the Product Ratings
In "Consumer Reports".

Chapter Five

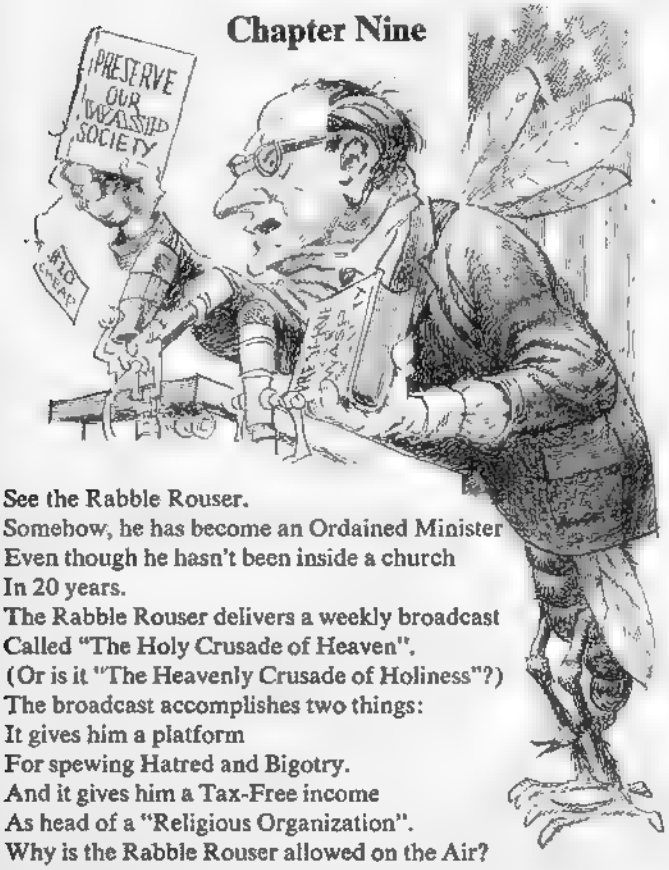


See the American Nazi.
He is full of Resentment.
He is burning Mad.
He is also burning Time, Newsweek,
Life, Look and the Saturday Evening Post.
American Nazis like to burn reading material.
It makes them feel nostalgic.
See how they preserve their old Nazi traditions.
They wear Hitler hair-dos
And Himmler boots
And Goering bellies.
American Nazis believe that all Jews are part of
The International Communist Conspiracy.
They would like to get rid of all the Jews.
They would like to see them shipped to Israel.
Then they could root for the Arabs
Who are staunch allies of . . .
The U.S.S.R.??????????????????????????????

Chapter Six

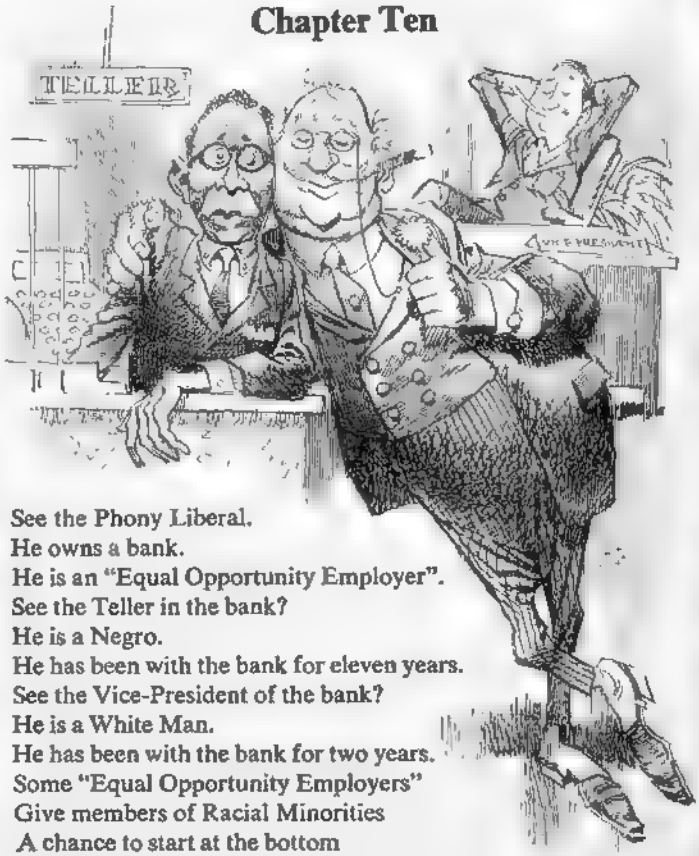
See the Yippies.
They are preventing a building from being torn down.
See them lie in front of the bulldozer.
See them throw stones at the workmen.
See them hold their breath and turn blue.
Who lives in the building?
One poor, oppressed, perverted Junkie.
The Yippies are protecting the Junkie's right.
The Yippies are demonstrating their Compassion.
The Yippies are acting in the name of Humanity.
Which is why they want to save the building.
So it can't be torn down for a Hospital.

Chapter Nine



See the Rabble Rouser.
Somehow, he has become an Ordained Minister
Even though he hasn't been inside a church
In 20 years.
The Rabble Rouser delivers a weekly broadcast
Called "The Holy Crusade of Heaven".
(Or is it "The Heavenly Crusade of Holiness"?)
The broadcast accomplishes two things:
It gives him a platform
For spewing Hatred and Bigotry.
And it gives him a Tax-Free income
As head of a "Religious Organization".
Why is the Rabble Rouser allowed on the Air?
God only knows!

Chapter Ten



See the Phony Liberal.
He owns a bank.
He is an "Equal Opportunity Employer".
See the Teller in the bank?
He is a Negro.
He has been with the bank for eleven years.
See the Vice-President of the bank?
He is a White Man.
He has been with the bank for two years.
Some "Equal Opportunity Employers"
Give members of Racial Minorities
A chance to start at the bottom
And stay there.

CHIDE PSYCHOLOGY DEPT.

ATTENTION—ADULTS! THIS ARTICLE IS DIRECTED SPECIFICALLY AT YOU! ALL YOU KIDS—SKIP THIS ARTICLE!

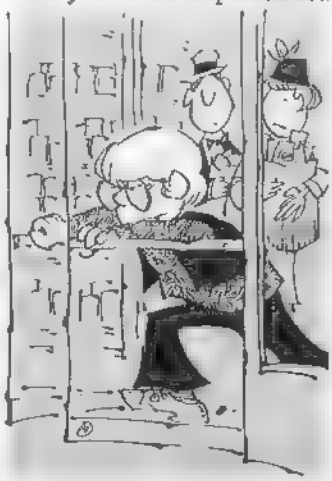
Like the weather, everybody seems to be talking about the "Generation Gap"—but nobody seems to be doing anything about it! Well, with this article, MAD turns to one source of irritation . . . mainly, how adults react to young people when a problem arises. You'll see exactly what we mean as your Editors proudly present

THE MAD APPROACH TOWARD BRIDGING THE GENERATION GAP

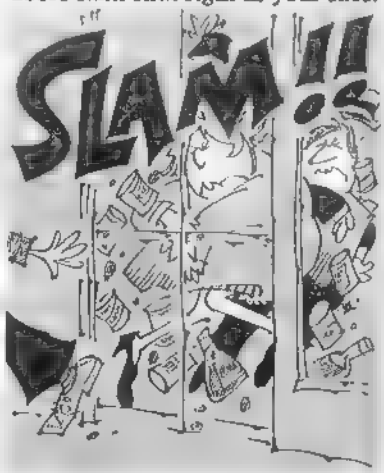
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: EARLE DOUD

THE PROBLEM

Even though he hates it, you force your son to go shopping with you at the Supermarket.

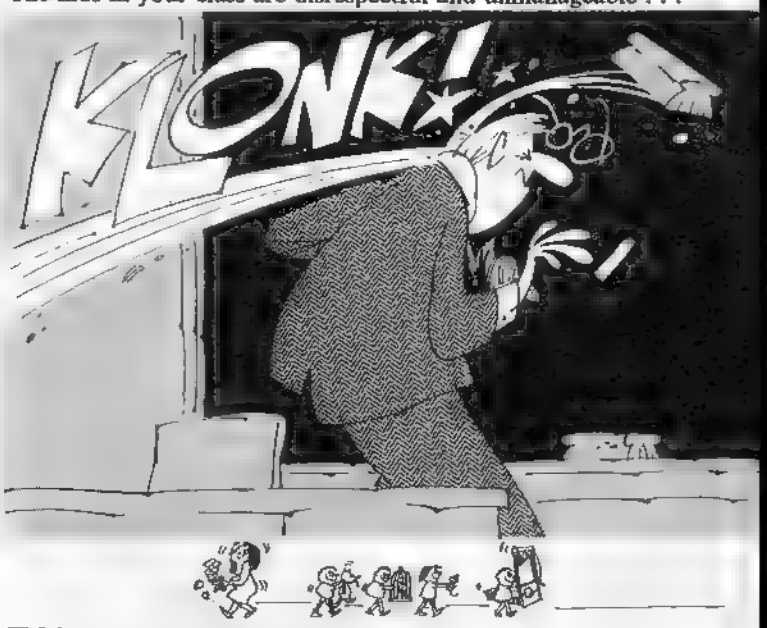


As you exit, arms full of packages, he thoughtlessly lets the swinging doors slam shut right in your face.



THE PROBLEM

The kids in your class are disrespectful and unmanageable . . .



THE PROBLEM

Your son, the "scholar" is being difficult about homework . . .

THE WRONG APPROACH

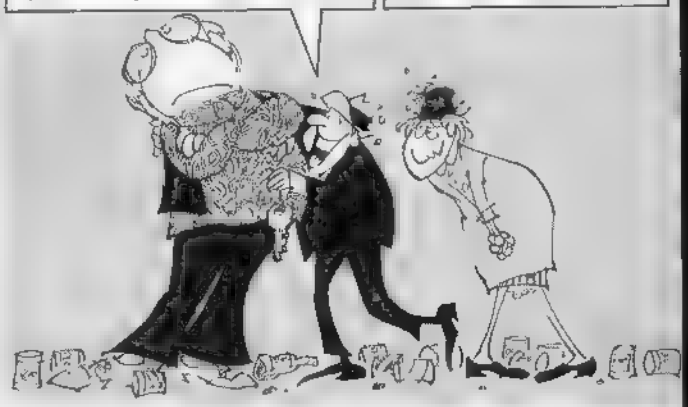
You stupid idiot! Are you blind?! When are you going to learn some manners and respect? You KNEW your mother was right behind you with her arms full of groceries!

Just for that . . . no allowance for a month, and you're confined to your room every night after dinner!

THE MAD APPROACH

Golly, son, we're sorry! Can you ever forgive us for getting in the way of that door? I know we should have been more careful instead of standing like dummies in the very spot where you were slamming it!

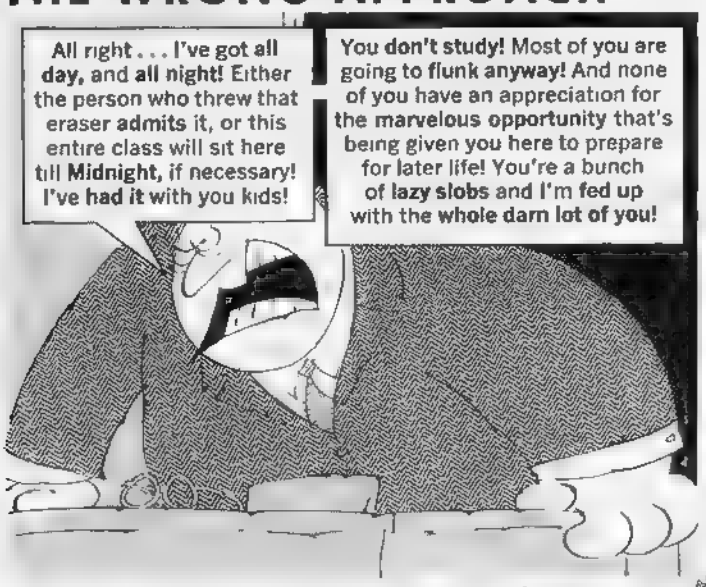
Please rest assured that we'll be more alert in the future, and thank you for your understanding! Now . . . how would you like to borrow the car tonight?



THE WRONG APPROACH

All right . . . I've got all day, and all night! Either the person who threw that eraser admits it, or this entire class will sit here till Midnight, if necessary! I've had it with you kids!

You don't study! Most of you are going to flunk anyway! And none of you have an appreciation for the marvelous opportunity that's being given you here to prepare for later life! You're a bunch of lazy slobs and I'm fed up with the whole darn lot of you!

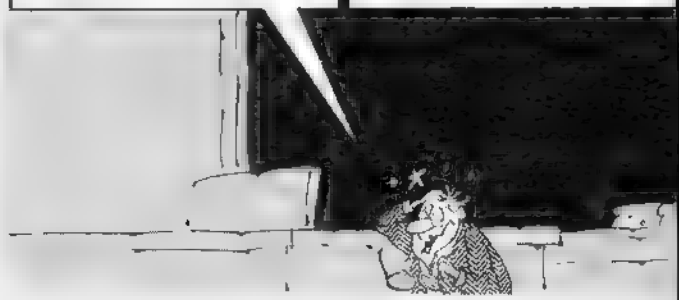


THE MAD APPROACH

One . . . one of you just hit me on the head with . . . an eraser!!

Please don't be short with me! I know my faults—that I'm not qualified to teach this course, and my methods are old-fashioned! Help me to find myself! Just tell me what you want to study! Teach me how to teach you!

I need this job! I've got a wife and kids! So please don't express your contempt for me by throwing erasers! The Principal might see it and fire me! Tell me what to do! You're the students Naturally, you know best!



THE WRONG APPROACH

You're darn right it'll get done! Your grades have been rotten lately, and you're not getting out of this house until they improve!

So get your rear end back up those stairs and get to work on that homework! When you earn the right to go out, we'll consider letting you!

THE MAD APPROACH

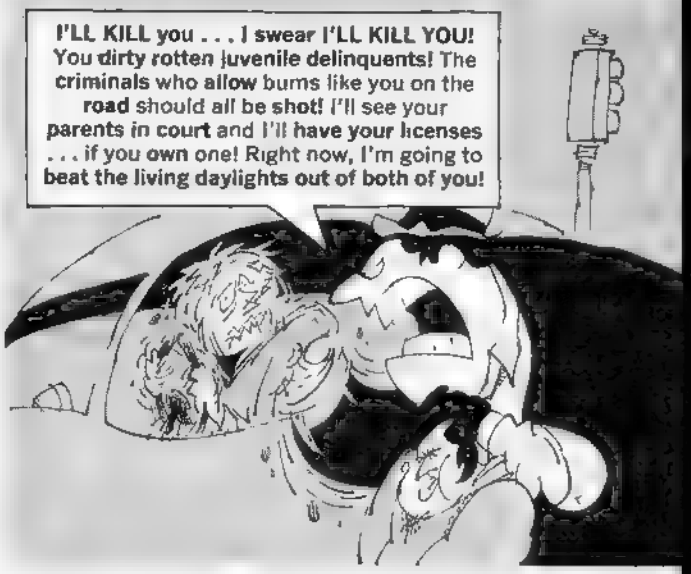
You're darn right it'll get done, son . . . even if your Mother and I have to stay up half the night doing it! Lucky thing I don't have to be in the office until 8 AM so I've got plenty of time!

If we run into any problems, we'll be able to reach you at the usual place . . . Harry's Pool Hall, right? But don't worry, we won't bother you unless it's absolutely necessary! And . . . by the way! Sorry about your grades last month! Guess we goofed!

THE PROBLEM

Some speed freaks in a souped-up dragster plow into you . . .

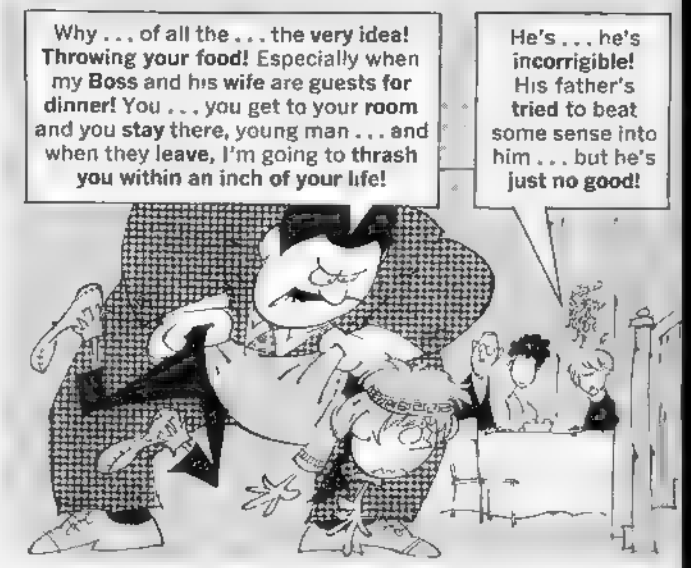
THE WRONG APPROACH



THE PROBLEM

You invite your Boss and his wife to your home for dinner and . . .

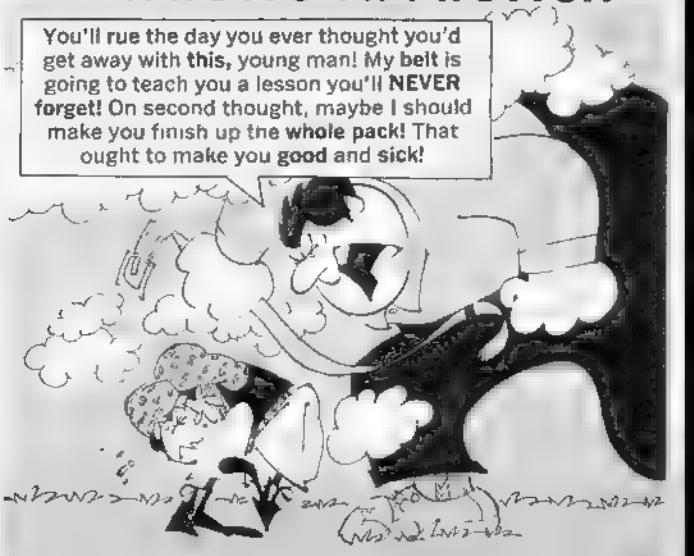
THE WRONG APPROACH



THE PROBLEM

You catch your 13-year-old son smoking behind the house . . .

THE WRONG APPROACH



THE MAD APPROACH

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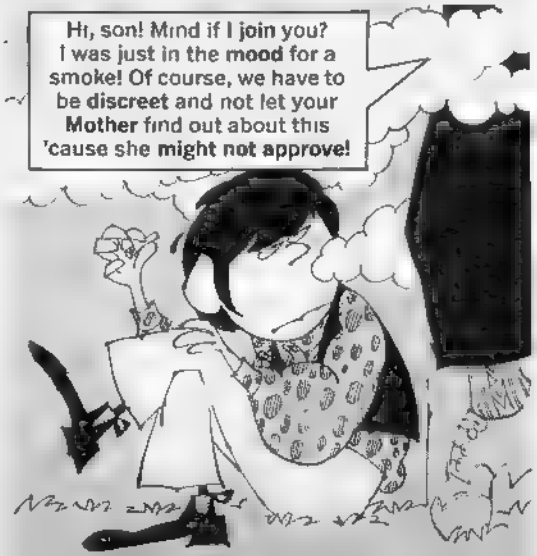


THE ANATOMY OF A

HE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

"W.B."

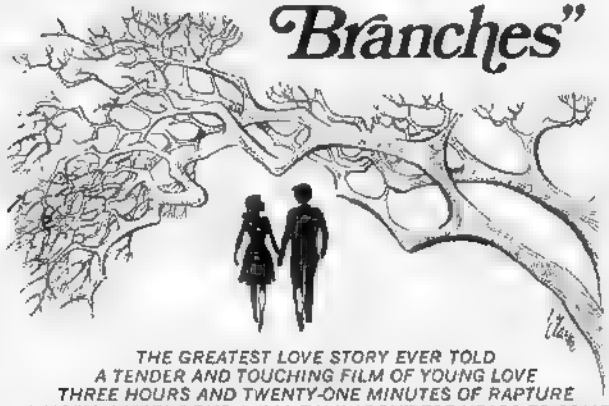
IS COMING!

EAST COAST: DEPT. 270 311 WEST 43RD ST., NEW

THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 15, 1969

On January First, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy,
Reserved Seat Tickets will go on sale for...

"Whispering Branches"



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME

OPENS JANUARY 15, 1970
at the CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

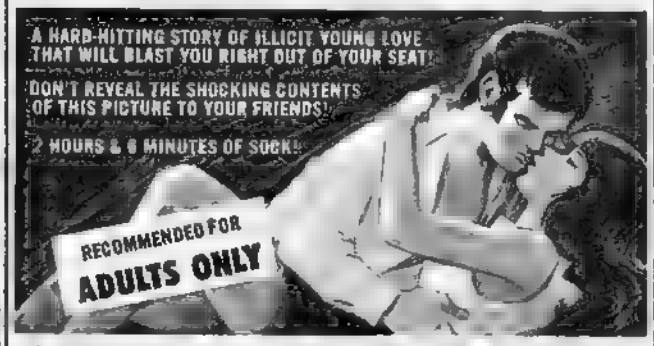
YONKERS DAILY POOP, January 28, 1970

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!!

FIRST-RUN NEIGHBORHOOD
PLAYHOUSE THEATER
presents

DIRECT FROM ITS GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT ON BROADWAY AND ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT "HIT SHOWCASE THEATRES"!

"Whispering Branches"



STARTS TODAY FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 5, 1970

NOW PLAYING!!
"I Was A Teenage Motorcycle Gang"
plus
"Whispering Branches"

R.K.O. Styx Theatre — Main Street

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 12, 1970

TRIPLE-THREAT DRIVE-IN

"HOME OF THE HITS" — "ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW"

Route 189 at the Traffic Circle

PRESENTS

AN ALL-COLOR, ALL SPECTACULAR GALA PROGRAM

Cecil B. DeMille's "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
AND
"BEN HUR" with Charlton Heston
AND
"CLEOPATRA" with Liz and Dick
PLUS
20 Color Cartoons and 6 Travelogues
AND AS AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
"Whispering Branches"

MOVIE AD CAMPAIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 15, 1970

OPENS TONIGHT!

A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

Reserved Seat Tickets Are Now On Sale For All Of 1970
And Early 1971 By Mail, Phone, Or At The Box Office

The CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

SELECTED RESERVED SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE STILL AVAILABLE

Theatre Parties Arranged

THE DAILY NEWS, January 23, 1970 ☆☆☆

COMING WEDNESDAY!

DIRECT FROM ITS RECENT GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT!
UNCUT! JUST THE WAY SO MANY PEOPLE SAW IT ON BROADWAY!

"Whispering Branches"

A Hard-Hitting Modern Story Of Young Love
Designed To Shock You Out Of Your Seat!

3 Hours And 21 Minutes Of
Sure-Fire Entertainment!

SEE IT AT ONE OF THESE SELECTED "HIT SHOWCASE" THEATRES

The BEEKMAN ART	The ART EAST	The EAST ART	The ART BEEKMAN
The BEEKMAN EAST	The EAST BEEKMAN	The BELCH ART	The ART BURP

TV GUIDE

Monday March 9, 1970

11:30 2 THE LATE SHOW—MOVIE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
A young man and a young woman find love. (75 min.)

TV GUIDE

Wednesday May 13, 1970

3:15 AM 7 INSOMNIAC THEATRE

COLOR "Whispering Branches" 1969
61 minutes of film fare designed to have you asleep in no time.

Folks, during this brief shower, while the game's been halted, let's watch some of today's stand-by film feature . . . "Whispering Branches" . . .

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 1, 1970

AND NOW—A MOVIE TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

See Youth In Trouble!
See Youth Gone Mad!

THE WILD SHOCKING STORY
OF A GUY WITH NO CLASS...
AND A GAL WITH NO MORALS!

Meet the Father that taught him to be BAD!

Meet the Mother that forgot to tell her how to be GOOD!

Meet the whole UGLY GANG . . . as

"The HELL-RAISERS"

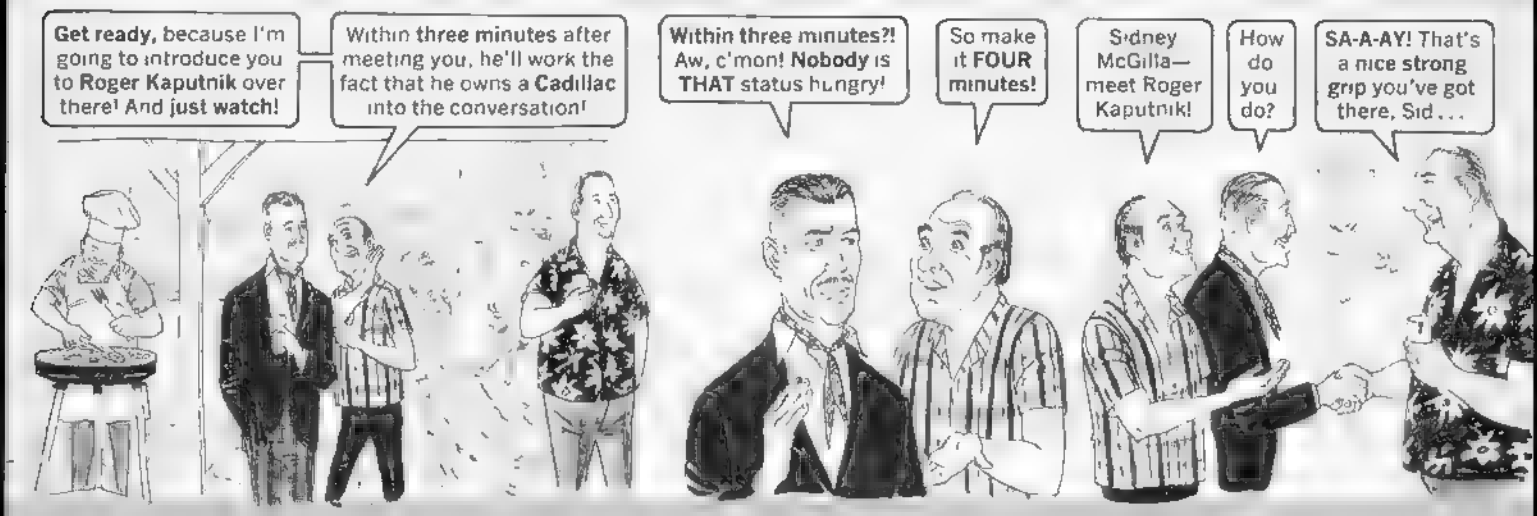
(formerly titled "Whispering Branches")

OPENS THIS FRIDAY AT A SCHLOCK THEATER NEAR YOU!

ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIET

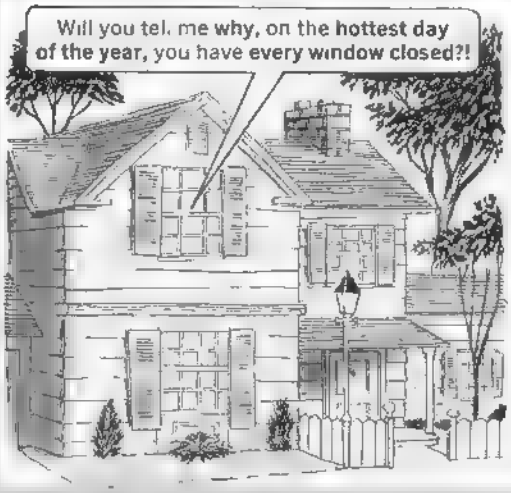
BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

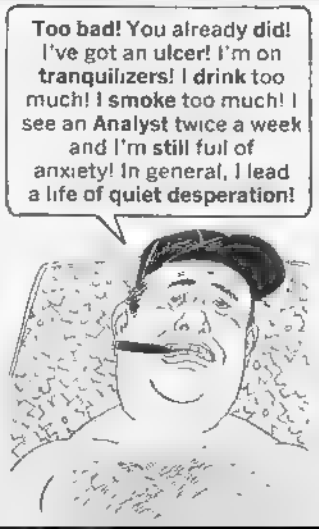
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... STATUS

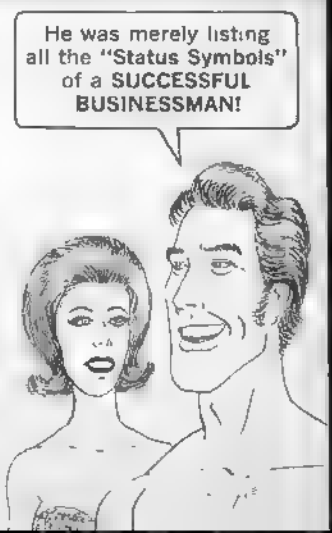


SEEKING

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG







. . . and I'd like it delivered to Penthouse 5 . . . Wingate Towers!
Did Madam say, "Wingate Towers"? Oh, please be seated! Let me send for some tea and crumpets while your order is being made out, Madam!

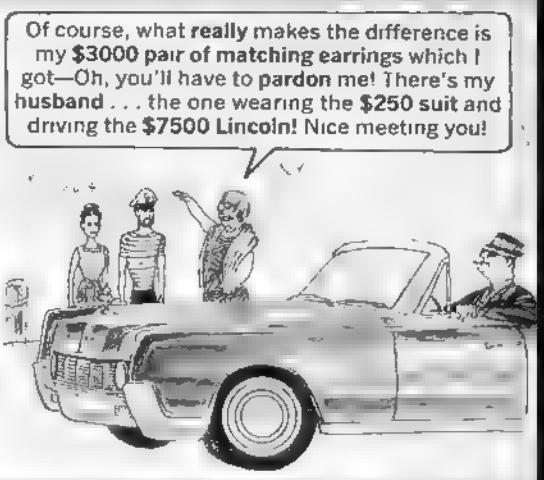
Perhaps you'd care for some Champagne? It's Bollinger—'61, a vintage year.
Perhaps some hors d'oeuvres?

Wow! What service! They were falling all over themselves like you were royalty!
Living at that address gets 'em every time!

Yeah . but you're the MAID there!!

Honey, this is my friend, Doris!
How do you do, Doris?
Hello! Oh . . . I hope my $1800 ring didn't scratch you!

I bought it in St. Thomas while I was on a $5000 cruise to the Caribbean! I remember I was in a chic little $300 chiffon, and the clerk said it would go just perfectly with my $2000 necklace!

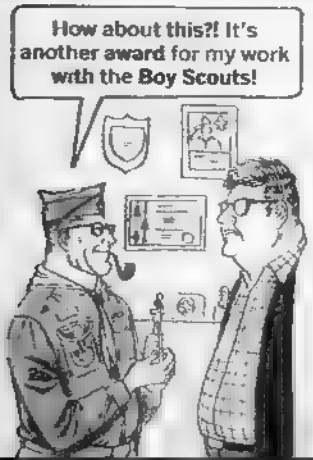

Of course, what really makes the difference is my $3000 pair of matching earrings which I got—Oh, you'll have to pardon me! There's my husband . . . the one wearing the $250 suit and driving the $7500 Lincoln! Nice meeting you!

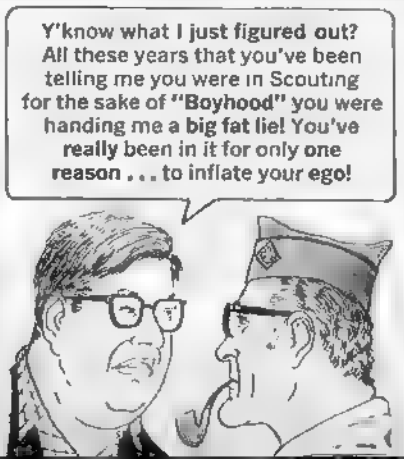
Hello? All I've got to say to you, Donna Doyle is . . . NYEAH! NYEAH! NYEAHHH!!

You're not the only twelve-year-old who has a phone of her own! My folks just gave me one, too . . . and you're getting the first call! So, all I've got to say to you, Donna Doyle, is . . . NYEAH! NYEAH! NOW WE'RE EVEN!!

I'm sorry, but Miss Doyle is not at home! Would you care to leave a message?
Hey! You're not Donna! Who IS this?

This is her ANSWERING SERVICE!


How about this?! It's another award for my work with the Boy Scouts!


Y'know what I just figured out? All these years that you've been telling me you were in Scouting for the sake of "Boyhood" you were handing me a big fat lie! You've really been in it for only one reason . . . to inflate your ego!

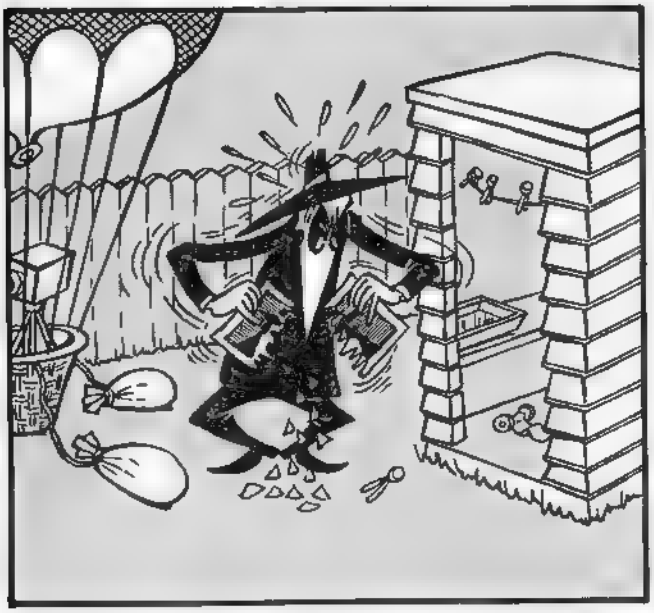
You've been doing it for prestige, status and awards! All this talk about doing it for "Boyhood" is baloney!
I am SO doing it for "Boyhood"!

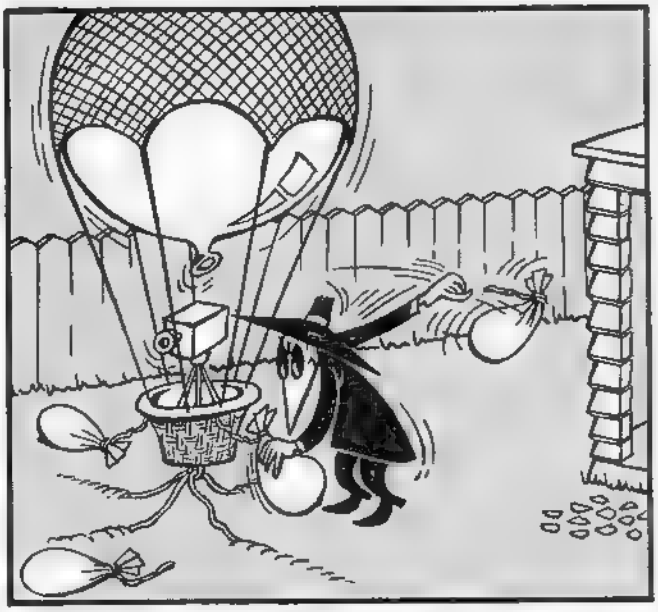
And I'm the "Boy"!!

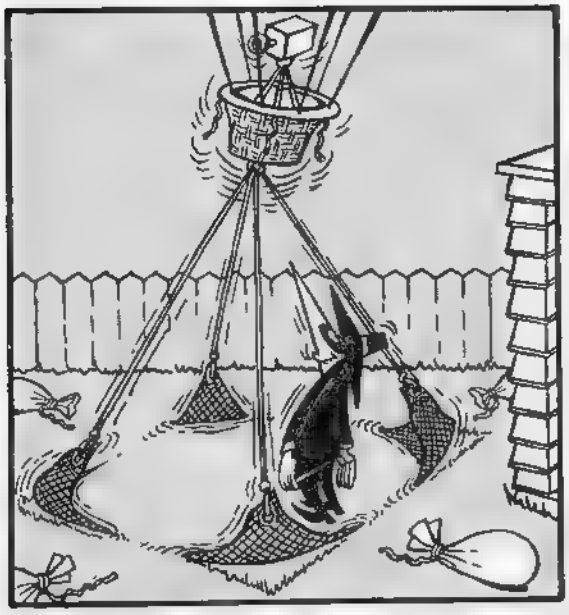
Well, if it isn't Charlie Burnside! Hey, Charlie . . . remember when we were kids and you'd always beat me out on everything? Well, take a look! That's my house there!
It's got eleven rooms, four baths, a finished basement, a wood burning fireplace and a kitchen loaded with every appliance they make nowadays!
Pretty nice, huh? Yep, I've really made it, Charlie, as you can see! Er—by the way! Tell me about your house . . .
WHICH ONE?!
Well, Hon? What did you think of Doris?
I think she needs a $50-an-hour Psychiatrist!
I've noticed that most of the girls on campus are constantly breaking their necks, trying to make "status dates" just so they can be seen in public with them!
I mean like dating the Captain of the Football Team . . . or the Richest Boy in school . . . or the Best Looking! I think that's silly, immature and frivolous—
—don't you, Professor?
Mitchel, I asked you to stay after class because I wanted to discuss this composition you wrote about your father! Don't you know what he does for a living?
Sure I know! He's a Brain Surgeon!
That's what I thought! And I'm very impressed! Then . . . why did you lie in your composition?
Because I don't care if you're impressed!
I wanna impress the rest of the class!
An' that's why I said he was a Fireman!
Another night, and another dirty job of cleaning up!
Yep! On the Social Ladder, we Charwomen occupy the bottom rung!
I've got the Secretary's Pool to clean tonight!
Oh, really? I'll have you know I'm cleaning the Office of the Chairman of the Board!
I see you brought a sandwich, too! I'll meet you in the Employees' Cafeteria at midnight!
Sorry! I won't be there!
I'll be eating in the Executives' Dining Room tonight!

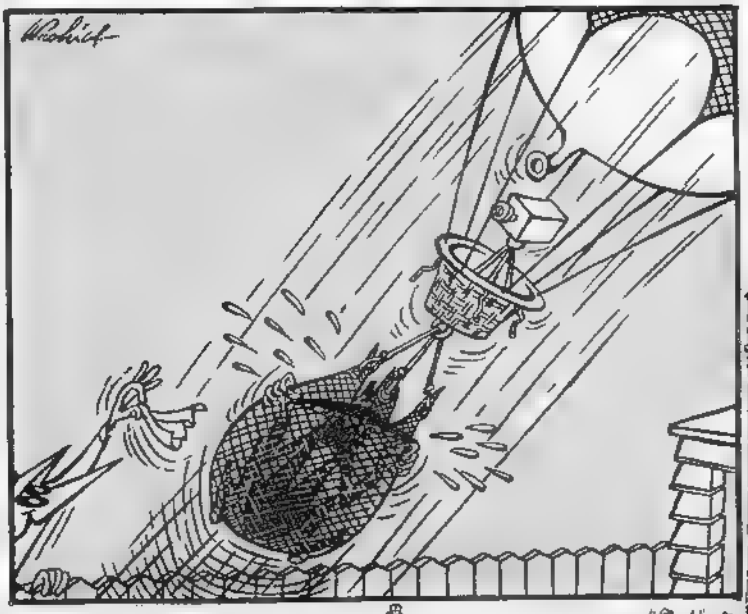
Boy, oh, boy! Wait'll the guys at the Club see me drive up in this brand new, shiny 1969 Lamborghini-Miura! Talk about status, I've sure got it now!
Man, are they ever gonna eat their hearts out!
Milton! What's the matter? You suddenly turned pale!
Don't bother me now! I'm too busy eating MY heart out!
George Winthrop just drove up in a 1928 ESSEX!!
Oh, Clerk, how much is this Fur Jacket?
Perhaps Madam would like to look at our Economy Line! That Fur Jacket is from our More Expensive Line, and costs $550!
Is that all? I suppose I could wear it to Football Games! I'll take it!
Yes, Madam!
Are you crazy or something? Your husband only earns $150 a week! Where do you come off buying something that ritzy? Who in heck are you trying to impress?
The clerk!!
Hey! Am I wrong or was that "Three-Fingers" Scungilli you were just talking to?!
Yup!
But he-he's a Gangster! He's in the Mafia! He's a killer! He orders Contracts on people . . . and they get rubbed out!
Yup!
He's responsible for half the Narcotics that comes into the country! He's in Vice . . . and Highjacking . . . and the Numbers Racket! And YOU KNOW HIM?!?
Yup!
GEEZ! I didn't know you were that IMPORTANT!!
What have you got to brood about! You've made it to the top! You've got everything anyone could wish for! You've got good health, a beautiful wife, and three lovely kids!
You live in one of the most magnificent mansions in the State! And you have your own private chalet in Switzerland, not to mention your luxurious ocean-going yacht, your own private plane and three cars!
You're one of the richest men in the country . . . and yet you sit there and brood! WHY??
Because I'm not THE richest!!

SPY vs SPY
TOP SECRET



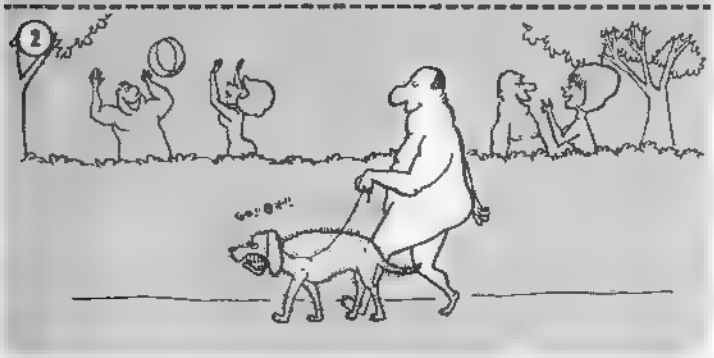


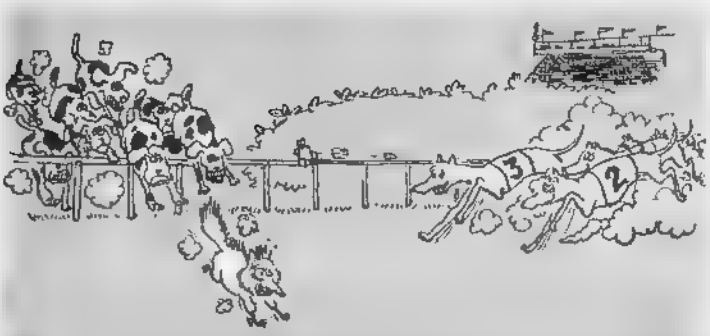


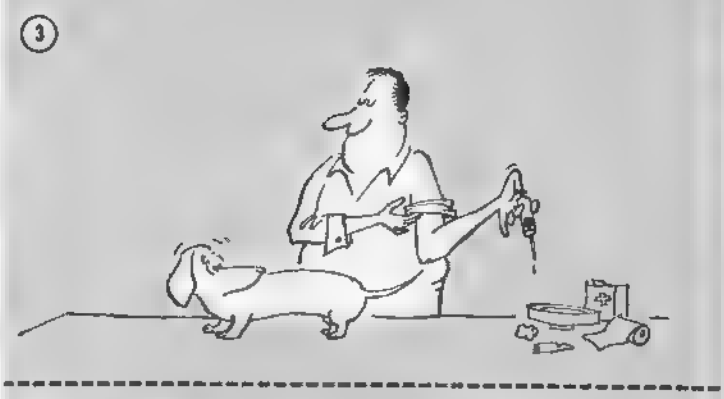


MUTT AND JEST DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

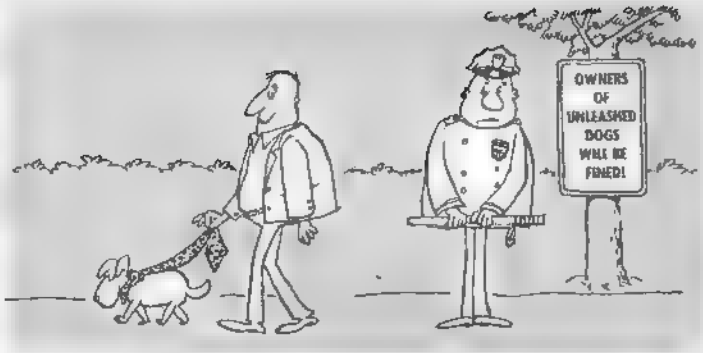


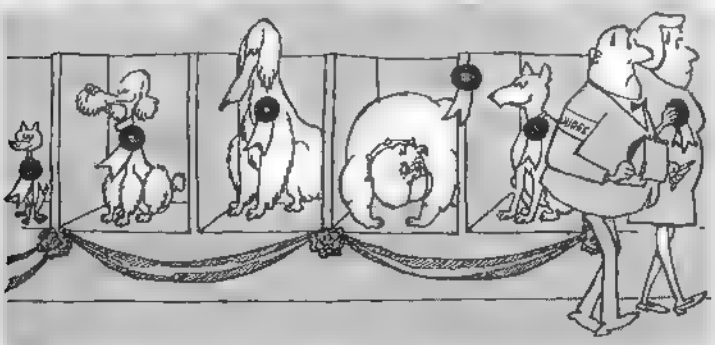


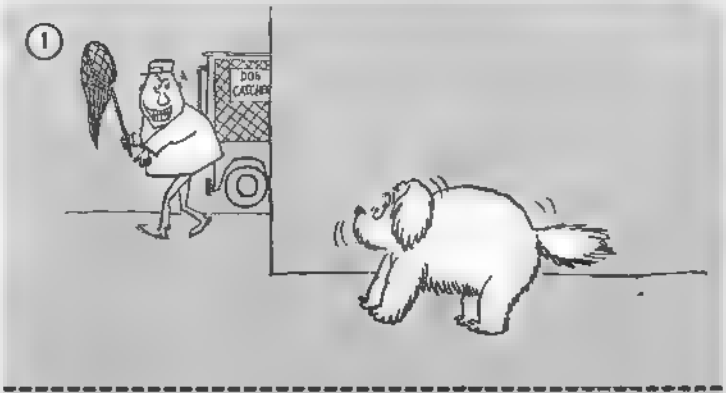


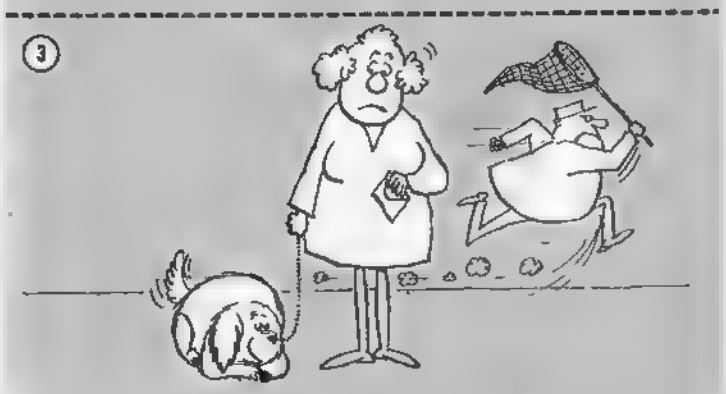
AT DOGS

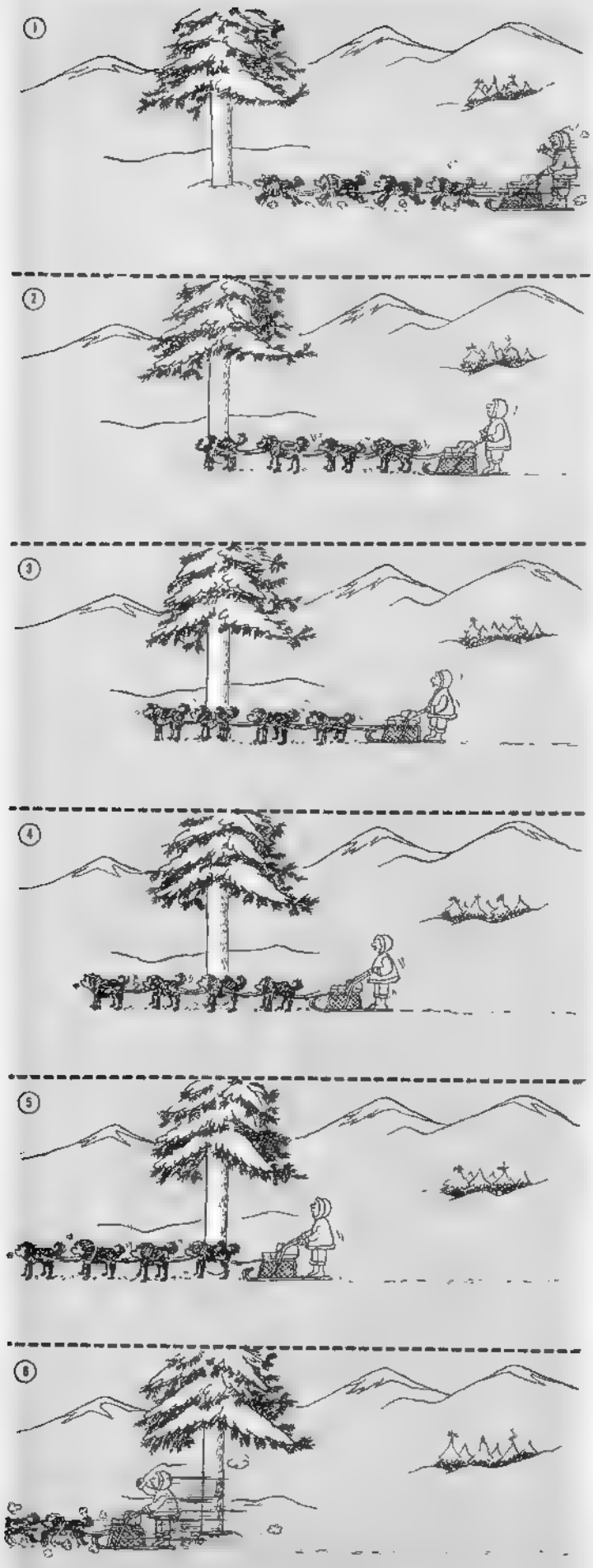
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







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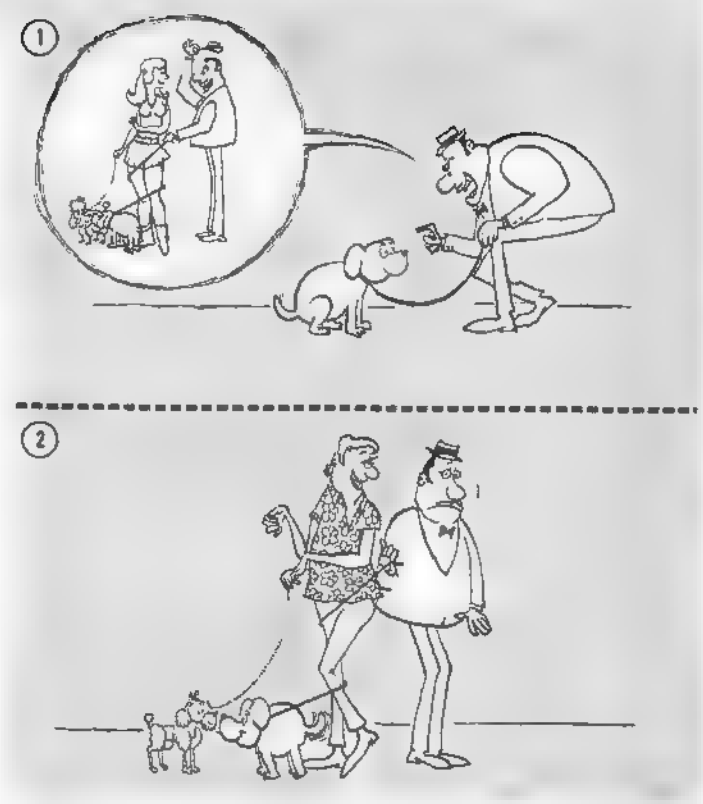
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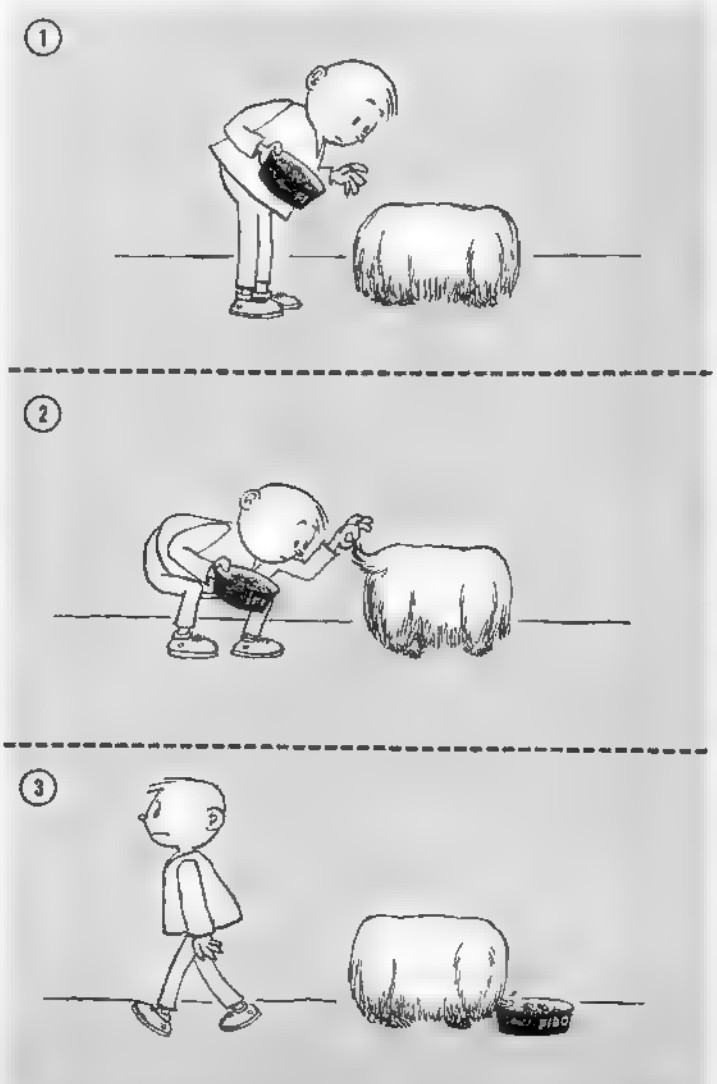
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PUTTING DOWN TOWN REPT.

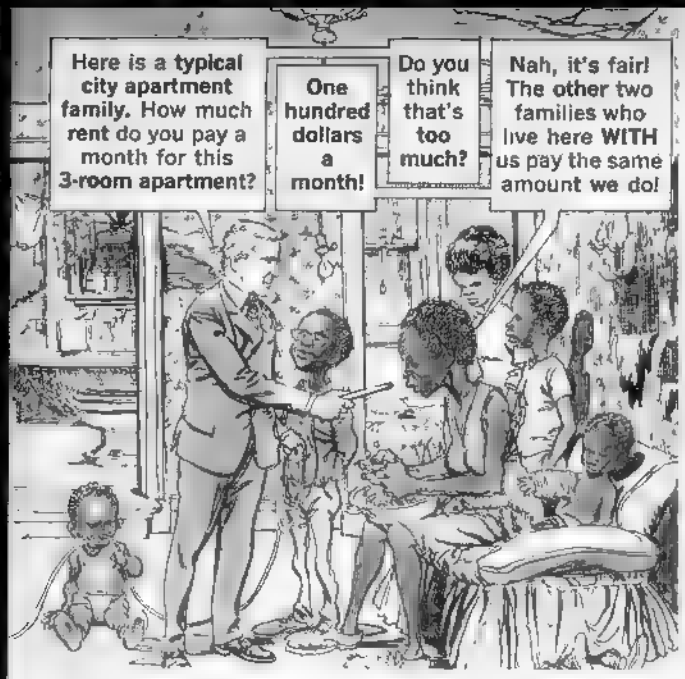
There has been a lot of talk lately about the serious problem of our American cities. Unfortunately, up to now, no one has done an "in-depth" study of the situation. And we're certainly not going to be the first! So, in keeping with the superficial nature of these investigations, we now present a . . .

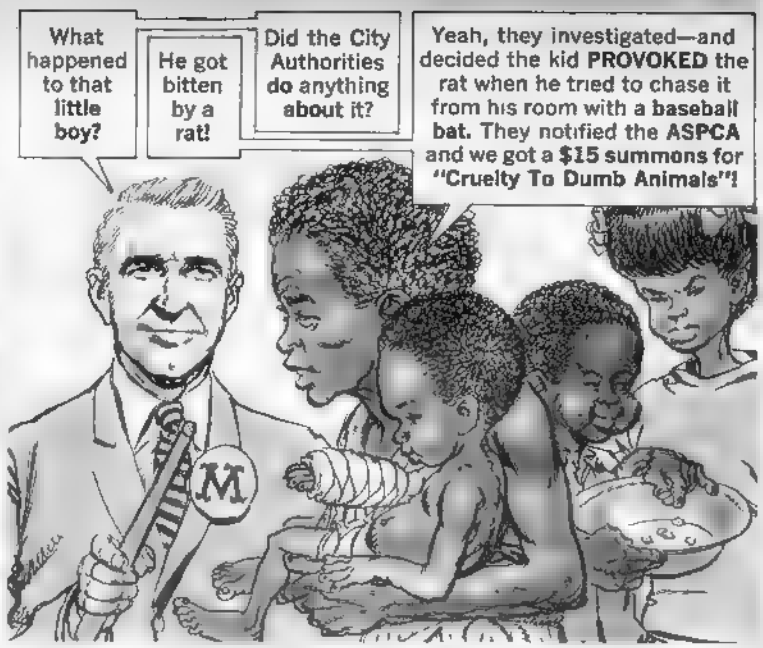
MAD GRAY PAPER*

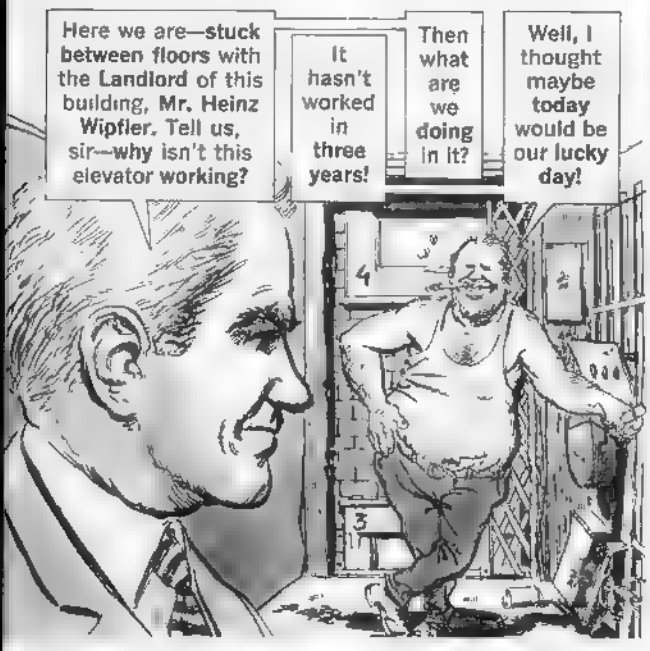
"The State of Our Cities"

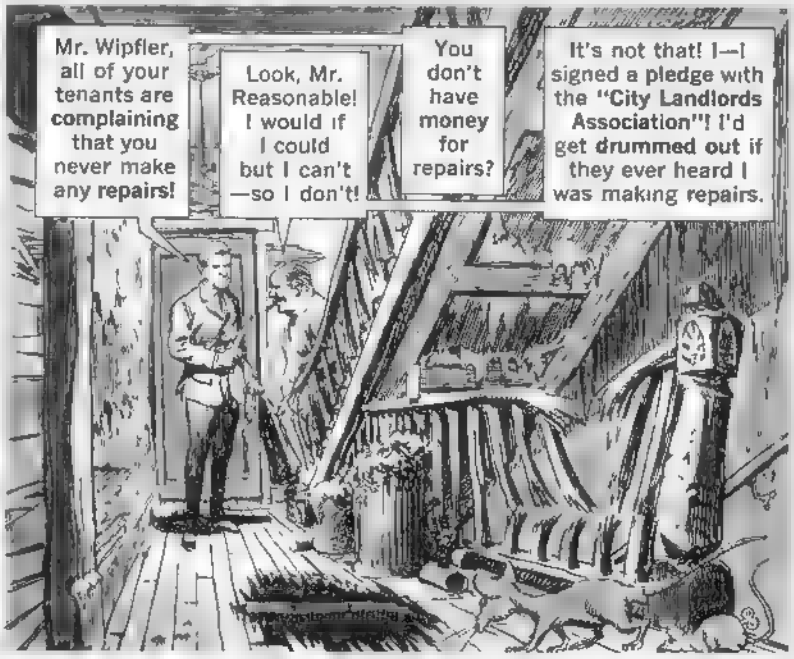
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

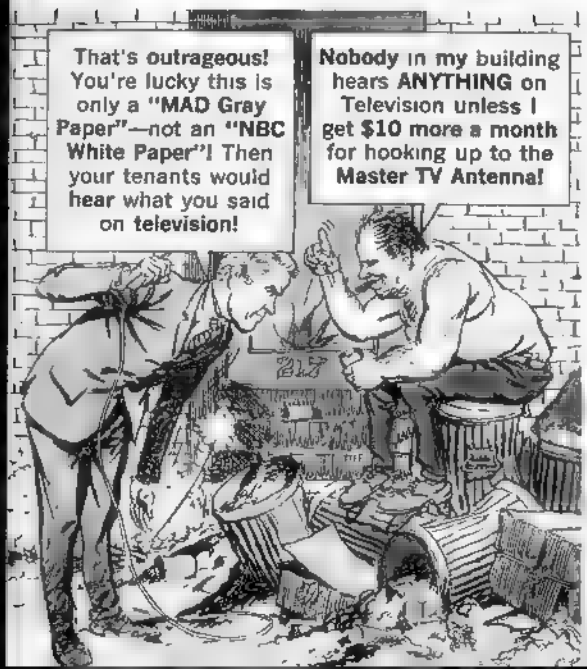
*THIS STARTED OUT AS A "MAD WHITE PAPER" BUT WE LEFT IT ON THE WINDOWSILL OVERNIGHT!

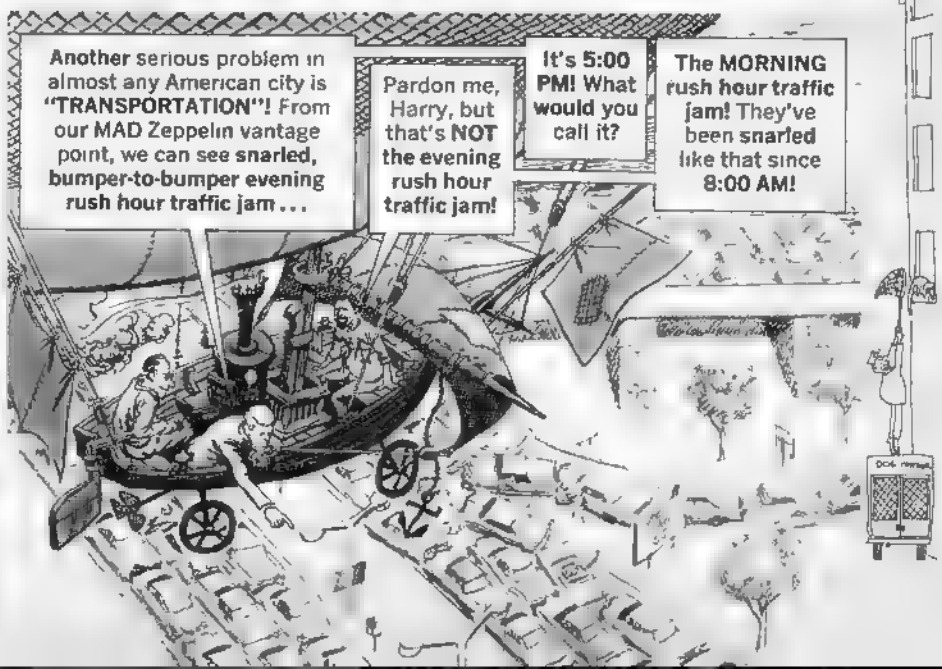

Here is a typical city apartment family. How much rent do you pay a month for this 3-room apartment?
One hundred dollars a month!
Do you think that's too much?
Nah, it's fair! The other two families who live here WITH us pay the same amount we do!


What happened to that little boy?
He got bitten by a rat!
Did the City Authorities do anything about it?
Yeah, they investigated—and decided the kid PROVOKED the rat when he tried to chase it from his room with a baseball bat. They notified the ASPCA and we got a $15 summons for "Cruelty To Dumb Animals"!
M


Here we are—stuck between floors with the Landlord of this building, Mr. Heinz Wipfler. Tell us, sir—why isn't this elevator working?
It hasn't worked in three years!
Then what are we doing in it?
Well, I thought maybe today would be our lucky day!
4
3


Mr. Wipfler, all of your tenants are complaining that you never make any repairs!
Look, Mr. Reasonable! I would if I could but I can't —so I don't!
You don't have money for repairs?
It's not that! I—I signed a pledge with the "City Landlords Association"! I'd get drummed out if they ever heard I was making repairs.


That's outrageous! You're lucky this is only a "MAD Gray Paper"—not an "NBC White Paper"! Then your tenants would hear what you said on television!
Nobody in my building hears ANYTHING on Television unless I get $10 more a month for hooking up to the Master TV Antenna!


Another serious problem in almost any American city is "TRANSPORTATION"! From our MAD Zeppelin vantage point, we can see snarled, bumper-to-bumper evening rush hour traffic jam . . .
Pardon me, Harry, but that's NOT the evening rush hour traffic jam!
It's 5:00 PM! What would you call it?
The MORNING rush hour traffic jam! They've been snarled like that since 8:00 AM!

Sir, is driving a car in the city a terrible inconvenience?

I wouldn't know!

Don't you drive in the city?

Nope! I bought this car five years ago, and I was lucky enough to find this parking space almost immediately!

So I've left it here ever since! I visit it on weekends, though!

The city buses are a little crowded, but at least they do get you where you are going! Where do you get off, sir—?

How should I know! Whenever THEY get off —I get off!

Don't you mind being jammed in like this?

It saves wear and tear on the shoe leather!

You mean because you don't have to walk?

No, I mean because my feet never touch the ground! I'm really 4' 8"!

Excuse me—but what's the big fight all about?

To see who gets my cab! The winner of that group meets the winner of this group in the finals!

Oh—and then the finalist gets to ride in your cab?

Yeah, but only if he doesn't ask for change of a five—or doesn't want to go uptown—or crosstown—and only if he's going someplace that's on my way home!

Another problem of the city is "JUVENILE DELINQUENCY"! Young man, what do you think of this problem?

Just 'cause there are some bad kids, folks think we're ALL J.D.'s!

Which is very unfair! I see you're working industriously! What exactly are you doing?

I'm changing tires . . .

I see!

. . . from THIS car to MY car!

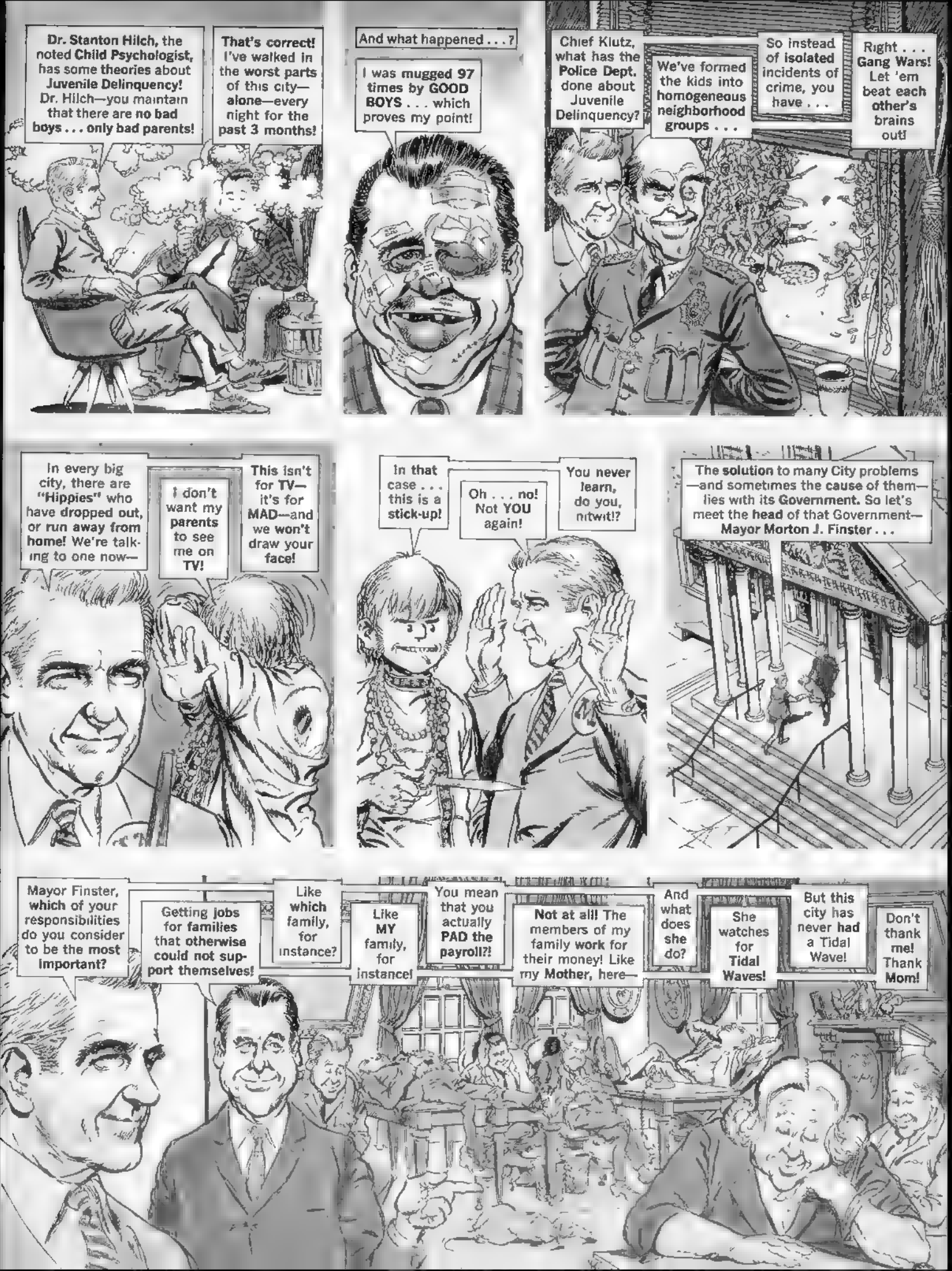
Let's talk to a former J.D. and see what lessons we can learn from his experiences!

I'm not sayin' nuttin'! I don' wanna be on TV!

This isn't for TV— it's for MAD—and we won't draw your face!

No one will know who you are!

In that case, this is a stick-up!


Dr. Stanton Hilch, the noted Child Psychologist, has some theories about Juvenile Delinquency! Dr. Hilch—you maintain that there are no bad boys . . . only bad parents!
That's correct! I've walked in the worst parts of this city—alone—every night for the past 3 months!
And what happened . . . ?
I was mugged 97 times by GOOD BOYS . . . which proves my point!
Chief Klutz, what has the Police Dept. done about Juvenile Delinquency?
We've formed the kids into homogeneous neighborhood groups . . .
So instead of isolated incidents of crime, you have . . .
Right . . . Gang Wars! Let 'em beat each other's brains out!
In every big city, there are "Hippies" who have dropped out, or run away from home! We're talking to one now—
I don't want my parents to see me on TV!
This isn't for TV—it's for MAD—and we won't draw your face!
In that case . . . this is a stick-up!
Oh . . . no! Not YOU again!
You never learn, do you, nitwit!?
The solution to many City problems—and sometimes the cause of them—lies with its Government. So let's meet the head of that Government—Mayor Morton J. Finster . . .
Mayor Finster, which of your responsibilities do you consider to be the most important?
Getting jobs for families that otherwise could not support themselves!
Like which family, for instance?
Like MY family, for instance!
You mean that you actually PAD the payroll?!
Not at all! The members of my family work for their money! Like my Mother, here—
And what does she do?
She watches for Tidal Waves!
But this city has never had a Tidal Wave!
Don't thank me! Thank Mom!

You look like a busy man, Mayor Finster— I count five phones on your desk . . .

Well, actually, one is a transistor radio, one is a cigarette lighter, and that one's licorice!

Mr. Mayor, I understand your city has been troubled by labor problems!

That's right! For example, the Garbage Men's Union is a real headache!

Yes! The streets are disgusting! I can see what a mess a prolonged strike can cause!

What strike?! The garbage strike was settled six months ago!

Mayor Finster—there are rumors that your City Police Department is riddled with corruption! What are you doing about it?

We've been tracking each rumor down to its source! Then, if there is proof of a pay-off, we apprehend the officer in charge!

And what do you do with him?

We make him divvy it up!

What are those Firemen lined up for?

They're selling tickets to the Firemen's Ball! That store owner is buying because he wants to stay on their good side in case there's a fire!

But will he have to buy a ticket from each Fireman?

It takes more than one Fireman to put out a fire— heh—heh!

FOR SALE Cheap!

TAKE A PIG TO LUNCH

PD

Yes, sir! The Mayor of a large city is plagued with problems! Air-pollution problems . . . Water-pollution problems . . . Tax and Budget problems . . . Crime . . . Violence . . .Slums—

Gee, how do you handle those problems?

I go home— and I think about them!

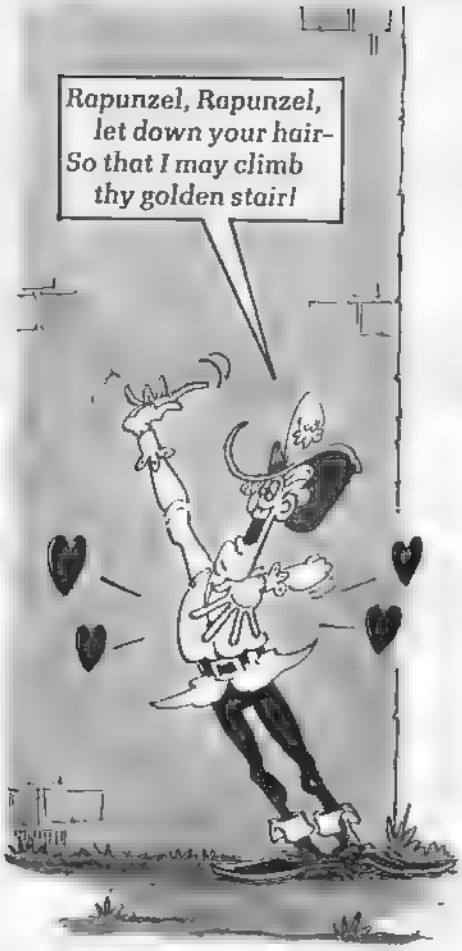
Oh?! And where do you live, Mr. Mayor?

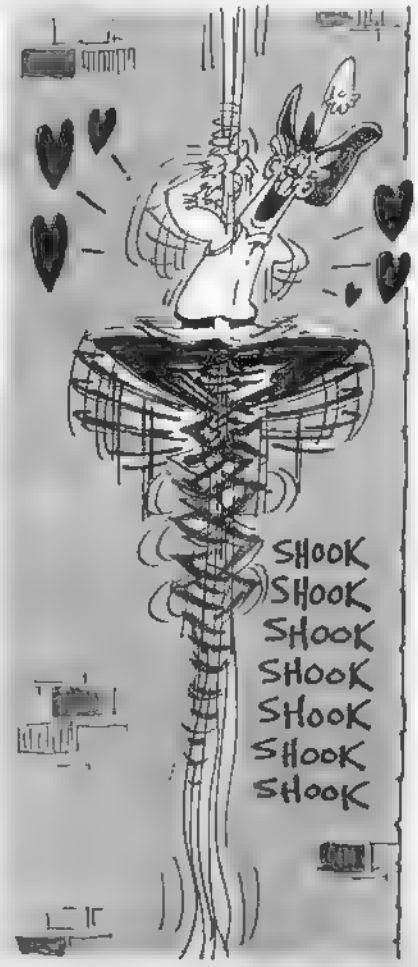
In the SUBURBS— where else?! You really don't think I'd live in a hell-hole like this, do you?

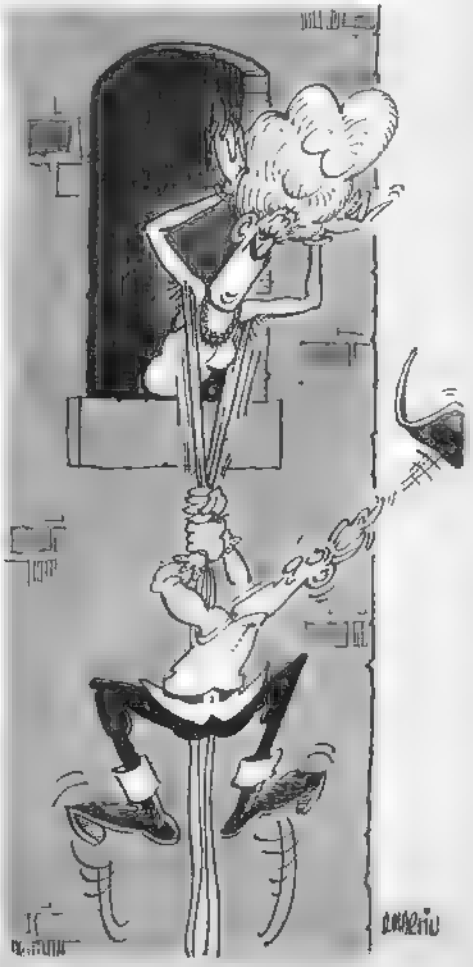
This is Harry Reasonable— and this has been a "MAD Gray Paper" on "The State of Our Cities"! Pretty bad, eh? Not the state of our cities! This MAD article!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

DON MARTIN TAKES A LAST LOOK AT THE SAME FAIRY TALE

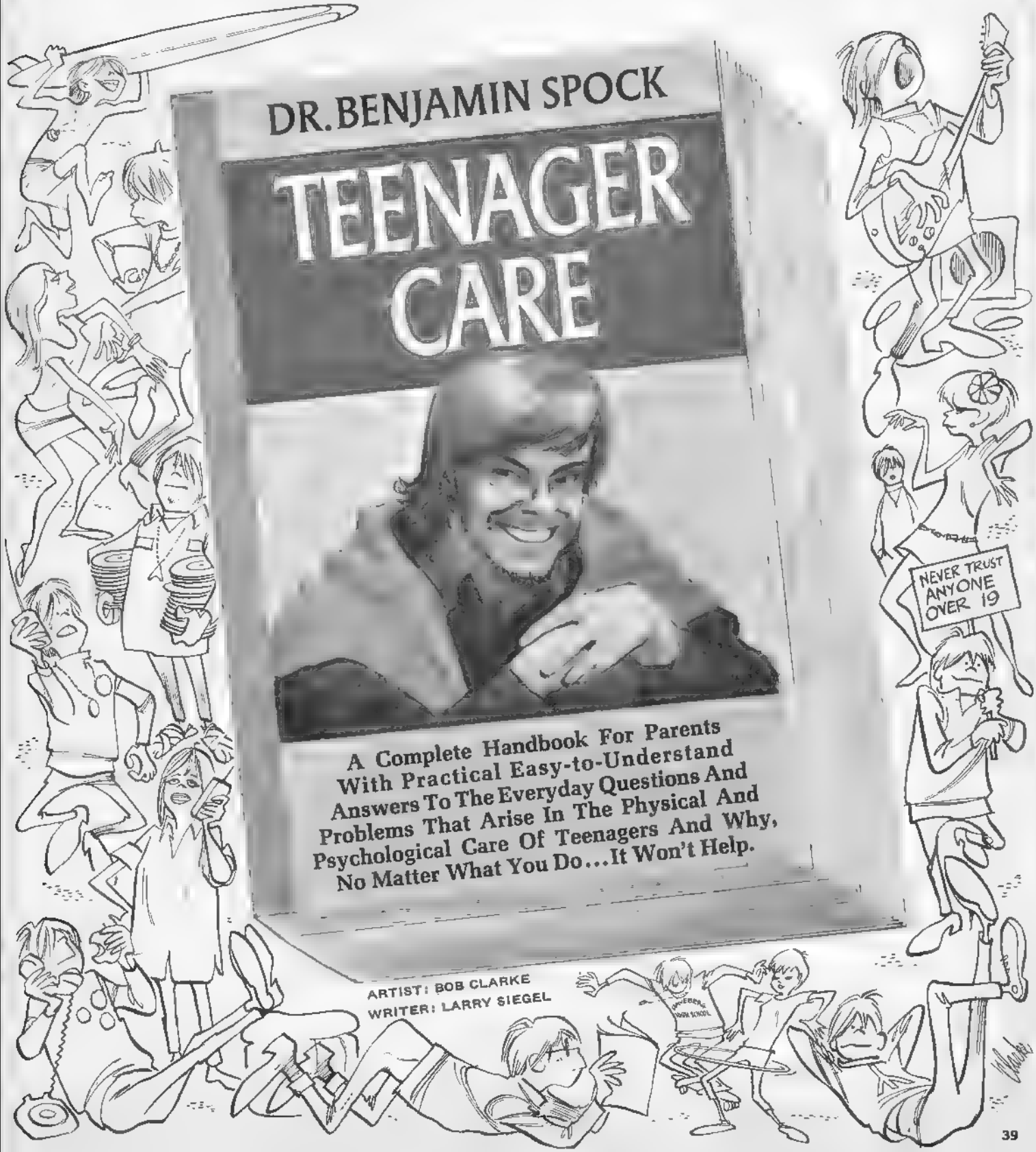






BRINGING UP FODDER DEPT.

For many years now, the name "Dr. Spock" has been a household word, and his book, "Baby And Child Care" has been the most widely read handbook for parents ever published. But the problem is: Babies and Children eventually grow up, and *then* what handbook do parents consult? Since Dr. Spock himself is too involved with war and peace and politics these days to write any more books, we at MAD have decided to write his next book for him. So here, then, is our idea of the sequel to "Dr. Benjamin Spock's Baby And Child Care":



The New Arrival

THE PARENTS' PART

1. Congratulations! You are now the proud parent of a brand new teenager. The child you once weaned, coddled and pampered is no more. He now stands on the threshold of adulthood. And in the next seven years (13–19) he may even *reach* adulthood. Then again, it may take him until he's 30.

2. When you take your first good look at him, you may be shocked. He will probably be very hairy, have skin blemishes, and dress like a Viet Cong guerilla. And he might remain in this condition throughout his teens. Or, he might become *ugly!* In any case, don't worry.

When you take your first look at him, you may be shocked.

You will probably receive all kinds of advice on how to care for your brand new teenager. You may even feel that obeying your first natural impulse is the best. Don't do it!

3. Obey your second natural impulse. Care for him, show him you love him and want him, and try to accept him as best as you can. But above all, ignore that first natural impulse! Strangulation is still punishable by death in some states!

But above all, ignore that first natural impulse!

4. The problem of health. This is an area that always concerns the parents of a new teenager. But with medical science making such great strides of late, this is a needless worry. If you follow the doctor's instructions carefully, you may very well live to be 40.

5. The main concern of the father. While the mother will bear the initial brunt of caring for a teenager, the father must not be forgotten. His primary problem will be that of jealousy. For the first time, his wife will be dividing her affection between two people: a big, self-sufficient figure, and a small, helpless creature. As a small, helpless creature, the father resents this.

THE TEENAGER AND HIS TEETH

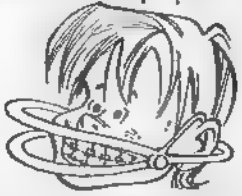
10. Braces will have appeared on your child's teeth a few years before his arrival as a teenager. However, as he gets older, he will get additional and more intricate braces. Braces are an important status symbol for the teenager, and in certain cases can even be worn to straighten crooked teeth.

Remember this: The more paraphernalia a teenager wears around his mouth area, and the more uncomfortable he is, the greater will be his reputation among his fellow teenagers. Here are examples of braces and the prestige they can bring your child in the teenage community:

Braces with rubber bands are quite ordinary. Your teenager is part of the common herd.

Scotch tape is a fascinating addition to braces. Teenager shows leadership qualities.

With an ordinary night brace, your teenager can be greatly admired by other teenagers.



With futuristic night brace, he can be a pacesetter. Also quarterback for N. Y. Giants.

11. Telling him about the Tooth Fairy. A teenager is old enough to know the true story behind the Tooth Fairy legend. Merely say to him: "Son, do you know who the Tooth Fairy really is? It's me! And every year, I leave $2,000 under the Orthodontist's pillow!"

(Note: In cases where you say to him, "Son, do you know who the Tooth Fairy really is?" and he smirks, "Yeah, it's a strange Dentist!" just ignore him. Teenagers are apt to be smart-alecky at times.)

BATHING AND GROOMING

12. Bathing and grooming of a teenager is always of prime importance to a parent. The following are all the tips, advice and tricks that have proved effective in the past for guiding the teenager in the art of proper bathing and grooming:

PLAY-TIME

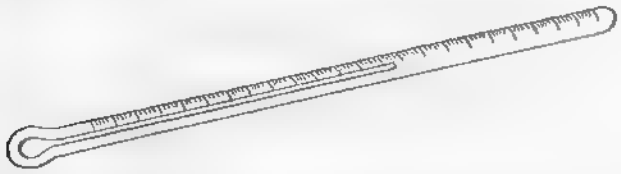
13. Your new teenager is an inquisitive creature. He likes to explore—to find things out for himself. He likes to touch things . . . like your wallet, your car keys, girls. He also likes to put things in his mouth . . . like cigarettes. This may aggravate you, but do not discourage him. It is all part of his growing up process (and in your case, your growing old process).

CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT

6. A teenager's clothing and equipment are very important. Here is a partial list of the things your new teenager will need:

Eight pairs of dirty sneakers
Seventeen baggy sweatshirts
One hundred and seven pairs of blue jeans
Two leather motorcycle jackets
One Nazi officer's cap
One athletic supporter

(Note: Also see Section 38—Clothing and Equipment for the Teenage *Boy*)



It is also a good idea to get a rectal thermometer. It is doubtful that your teenager will ever be sick, but you never know what new kick he may decide to go on next.

CARING FOR YOUR TEENAGER

7. Feeding him. Eating habits vary according to the size and weight of the teenager. But ordinarily, here is a good daily feeding schedule to follow:

8:00 A.M., 10:00 A.M., Noon, 3:00 P.M., 3:30 P.M., 3:45 P.M., 6:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M., 7:30 P.M., 8:15 P.M., 9:30 P.M., 10:00 P.M., 11:00 P.M., 11:30 P.M., Midnight, 2:00 A.M.

(Note: This is the regular feeding schedule. Between-meals feeding should be arranged at your discretion.)

8. Mixing the daily formula. This is a relatively simple procedure. Merely mold 52 hamburgers into patties, add seasoning, and serve periodically throughout the day and night with Coke and pizza. If the teenager is not crying too loudly for his food, you might even try to *cook* the hamburgers first from time to time.

Mixing the daily formula is a relatively simple procedure.

9. Cutting out the 2:00 A.M. pizza feeding. When your teenager gets a bit older, he may want to cut out the 2:00 A.M. pizza feeding and substitute something more substantial, like a can of beer. Or a case of beer. Since he has been raised on a demand feeding program, there's no use trying to talk him out of it once he demands it. Besides, he's bigger than you are, and it's no fun getting hit with a can of beer. Or a case of beer.

14. A teenager's span of attention is very limited. One minute, he may be interested in LSD . . . the next minute it may be Methedrine. When this happens, try to distract him with safer things . . . like pot.

15. One of his favorite games is Hanging Around. This consists of sitting around the house (on anything but a chair) in a way that his feet are always higher than his head, with a completely vacant expression on his face, and saying and doing absolutely nothing. A teenager can play this game for days, often years.

Sometimes this game frightens parents, because they don't know if the teenager is alive or not. Remember this: taking his pulse is a waste of time. In this condition, he has a way of making his pulse stop, too. You will know when your teenager is really dead by the intelligent look on his face.

One of his favorite games is Hanging Around.

SLEEPING HABITS

16. See Section 51—Birth Control Tips For The Teenager

BEHAVIOR PROBLEMS

17. Temper tantrums. Teenagers are usually jumpy and high-strung. They become very emotional at strange times and for no apparent reasons. For example, when asked to take out the garbage, a teenager may giggle hysterically, then begin to scream, and wind up crying bitterly. There is a simple explanation for this: The teenager *identifies* with garbage.

Teenagers become very emotional at strange times.

The wisest thing to do is to let most tantrums run their course. However, if a tantrum persists, I recommend a good pacifier. (See your local Sports Car Dealer. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.)

18. Disciplining the teenager. From time to time, you will find it necessary to discipline your teenager. There are three methods of punishment which I suggest you can try:

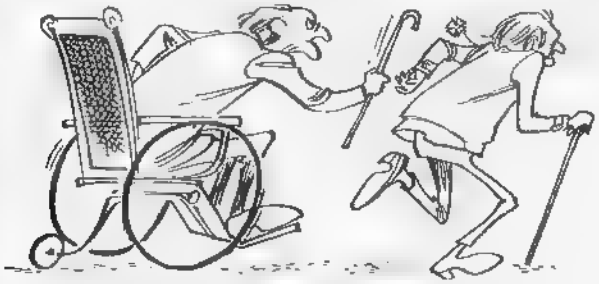
(a) **Deprive him of something.** This is a very tricky punishment because a teenager usually has everything. And even if you take something away from him, he can usually replace it on his own. So the thing to do is to deprive him of something he doesn't want in the first place. For example, say to him, "Just for that you can't play pinochle next Tuesday!" Chances are he doesn't even know what pinochle *is*, but the bizarre nature of what you have said will make him do a lot of thinking . . . which for most teenagers is punishment in itself.

Make him think . . . which is punishment itself!

Look him straight in the eye and tell him sternly what he has done wrong, and why he shouldn't do it again.

(b) **Verbal punishment.** I usually do not advocate yelling and screaming, but at times it does help to clear the air. Here is the proper way to administer verbal punishment to a teenager: Stand on a chair, look him straight in the eye, and tell him sternly what he has done wrong, and why he shouldn't do it again. The more you holler at him and threaten him, the more frightened he will become . . . that he might kill you.

(c) **Physical punishment.** Laying hands on a teenager should only be done as a last resort. It can sometimes be very dangerous for you. (See preceding paragraph). In any case, remember this: Never strike a teenager while you are angry. Wait until your anger at him has cooled off. This may not happen until he is 73, at which time you might consider ramming his wheelchair with yours and letting it go at that.



Wait until your anger at him has cooled!

THE FACTS OF LIFE

19. Obviously, there is nothing an adult can tell a teenager nowadays about sex. So here are some other facts of life which he may find interesting:

Castle Peak in Colorado is 14,265 feet in height.

Peyton Randolph was elected President of the Continental Congress on May 10, 1775.

On September 3, 1916, the Adamson Act limited working hours of railroad employees to eight per day on interstate railroads.

Nauru is an island 2,215 miles northeast of Sydney, Australia.

Do not worry or feel guilty if you cannot actually love him.

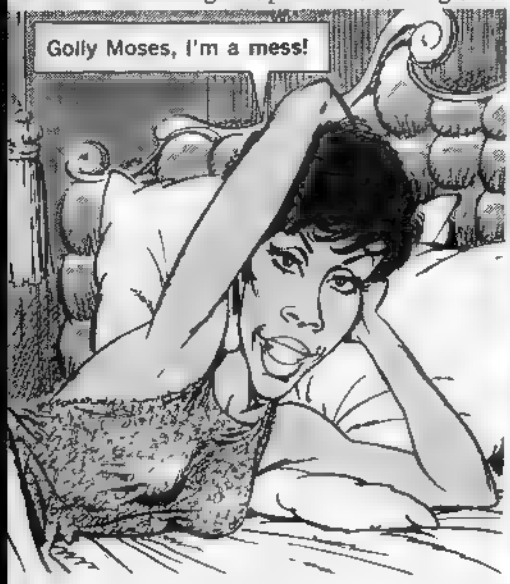
CONCLUSION

It takes time to get used to a new teenager. Be patient with him and, above all, show him all the love you can. But, by all means, do not worry or feel guilty if you cannot actually love him. Your lack of love in the beginning is a temporary condition which seldom lasts for more than the seven years he is a teenager. (For what to do *after* those seven years, read my next book, **"Oh, My God, He's Twenty!"**)

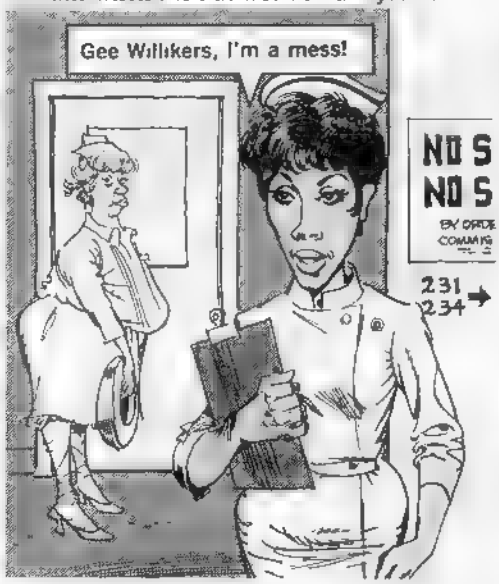
FILLY OF SOUL DEPT.

With this next article, MAD salutes NBC-TV, and extends its sincere congratulations for having the courage and boldness to put on a daring new television show involving the problems of Negroes in relations with Whites. We mean, of course, that realistic, slice-of-life weekly situation comedy series about an "average Negro woman". . .

. . . who just happens to look like this when she gets up in the morning . . .



. . . and who just happens to look like this when she's at work on her job . . .



. . . and who just happens to look like this at the end of a long hard day . . .

And what kind of realistic problems must she face every week? Prejudice? Bigotry? No—none of these! Her problem is . . . Are you ready for this? . . . she's having trouble finding a HUSBAND! But we can understand that! After all, Negro OR White, she's only one of the best-looking gals in the entire Free World! So here is MAD's version of

JEWELIA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

Merry, this is Jewelia! Is Corney with you?
No, but I can see him from my window . . .
Good! What's he doing?
He's playing!
Where?
In the middle of the Freeway!

Hey, kid! Don't you have a father?
Nope! A good fairy came and took him away!
Oh . . . ? What was he a Hairdresser?
No, he was a pilot! He was shot down in Vietnam—on a bombing mission!
Yeah? Against the Viet Cong?
No, against the Americans! He may have been straight, but he wasn't very bright!

MARRY MY MOTHER!!
CALL ANYTIME! OPERATORS STANDING BY NITE AND DAY

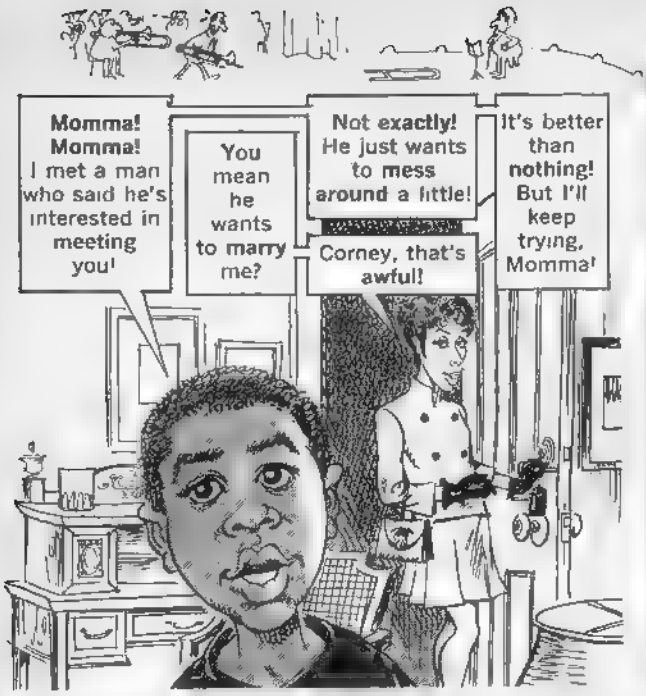
Why is Doctor Chicklet smashing all the furniture!?
Because he's in a good mood for a change!
I wonder why he's always so sarcastic and nasty!
How would you feel if you were a doctor his age, and you STILL weren't good enough to have your own Private Practice!?

BAM
CRASH
BANG

Dr. Chicklet is a man who, throughout his life, has maintained an unshakable faith in Medicine! ONE Medicine! Namely, Aspirin!!
I heard that, Ladies . . . and I want you to know that I am a "Liberal"! I don't care what your race, religion or national origin is . . . I HATE YOU BOTH!!

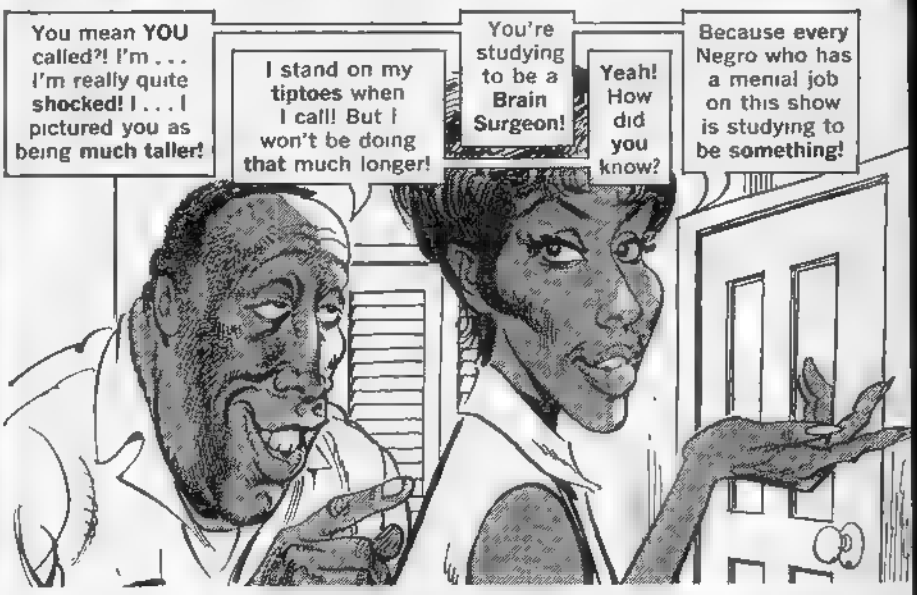
Slobby, you old bag, how many times have I told you I want these hypodermic needle points DULLED!?
Why would anyone want to dull the points of hypodermic needles?
He TOLD you why! He doesn't care what a man's race, religion or national origin is . . . he just likes to hear him scream!

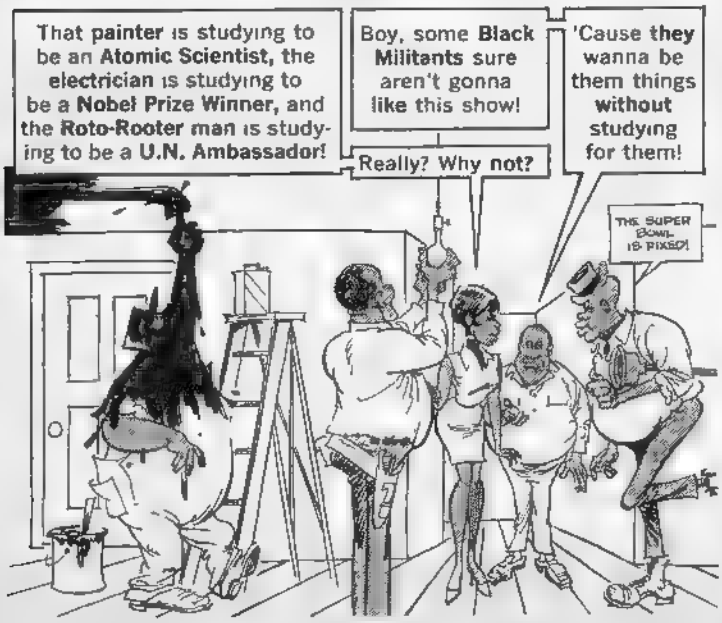
Hmmmmmm! I'm afraid I'll have to amputate that arm!
But it's my LEG that's injured!
Who's the Doctor . . . you or me?! I don't care what a man's race, religion or national origin is, I hate a "Smart Aleck"!

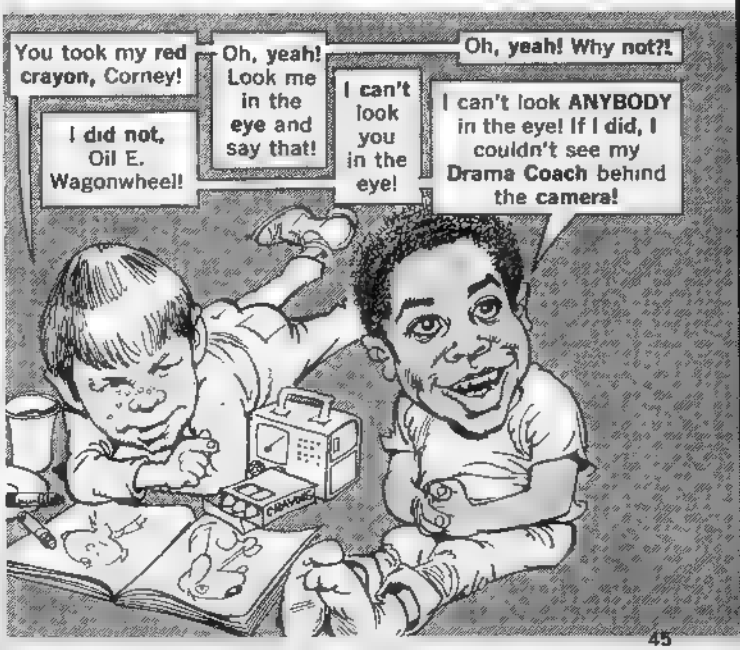

Momma! Momma! I met a man who said he's interested in meeting you!
You mean he wants to marry me?
Not exactly! He just wants to mess around a little!
Corney, that's awful!
It's better than nothing! But I'll keep trying, Momma!

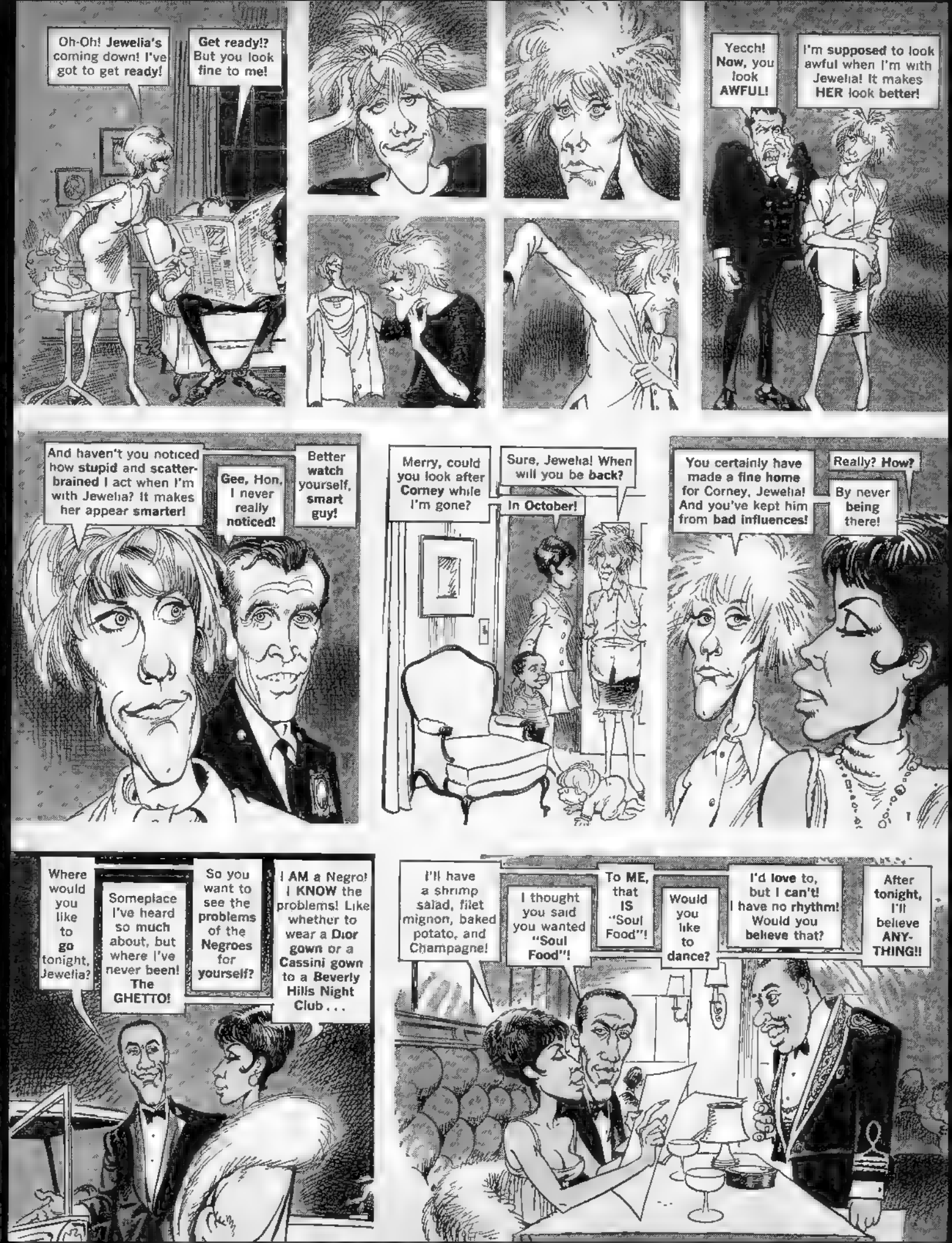
Hi, Jewelia! Hey . . . what's the matter?
Some nut is making an obscene phone call!
Well, tell him that you'll meet him . . . then hang up and call the Cops, and they'll arrest him!
I DID tell him that I'd meet him!
Hang up and call the Cops!
Let's just see how the date works out first!

Hi! Your phone's not working properly! There's a lot of static on the line!
Oh? How did you know?
I couldn't even hear my own obscenities when I called you!

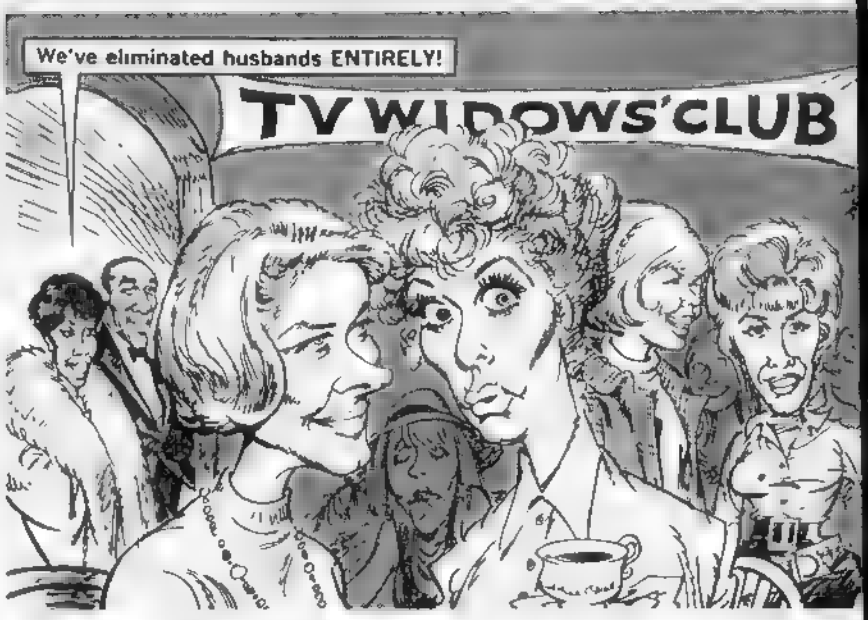

You mean YOU called?! I'm . . . I'm really quite shocked! I . . . I pictured you as being much taller!
I stand on my tiptoes when I call! But I won't be doing that much longer!
You're studying to be a Brain Surgeon!
Yeah! How did you know?
Because every Negro who has a menial job on this show is studying to be something!

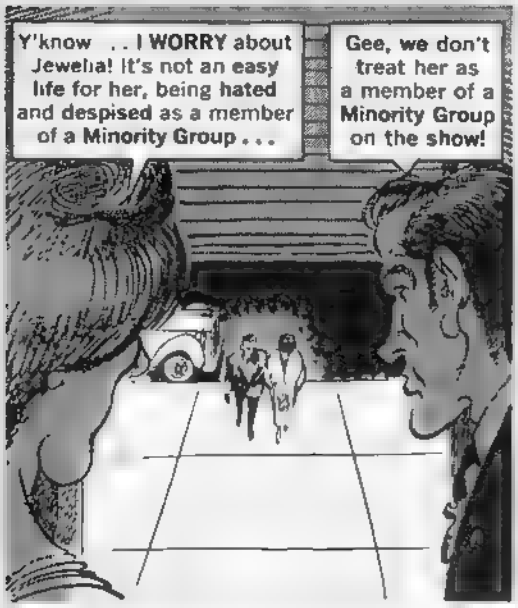

That painter is studying to be an Atomic Scientist, the electrician is studying to be a Nobel Prize Winner, and the Roto-Rooter man is studying to be a U.N. Ambassador!
Boy, some Black Militants sure aren't gonna like this show!
Really? Why not?
'Cause they wanna be them things without studying for them!
THE SUPER BOWL IS FIXED!


You took my red crayon, Corney!
I did not, Oil E. Wagonwheel!
Oh, yeah! Look me in the eye and say that!
I can't look you in the eye!
Oh, yeah! Why not?!
I can't look ANYBODY in the eye! If I did, I couldn't see my Drama Coach behind the camera!


Oh-Oh! Jewelia's coming down! I've got to get ready!
Get ready!? But you look fine to me!
Yecch! Now, you look AWFUL!
I'm supposed to look awful when I'm with Jewelia! It makes HER look better!
And haven't you noticed how stupid and scatter-brained I act when I'm with Jewelia? It makes her appear smarter!
Gee, Hon, I never really noticed!
Better watch yourself, smart guy!
Merry, could you look after Corney while I'm gone?
Sure, Jewelia! When will you be back?
In October!
You certainly have made a fine home for Corney, Jewelia! And you've kept him from bad influences!
Really? How?
By never being there!
Where would you like to go tonight, Jewelia?
Someplace I've heard so much about, but where I've never been! The GHETTO!
So you want to see the problems of the Negroes for yourself?
I AM a Negro! I KNOW the problems! Like whether to wear a Dior gown or a Cassini gown to a Beverly Hills Night Club . . .
I'll have a shrimp salad, filet mignon, baked potato, and Champagne!
I thought you said you wanted "Soul Food"!
To ME, that IS "Soul Food"!
Would you like to dance?
I'd love to, but I can't! I have no rhythm! Would you believe that?
After tonight, I'll believe ANY-THING!!

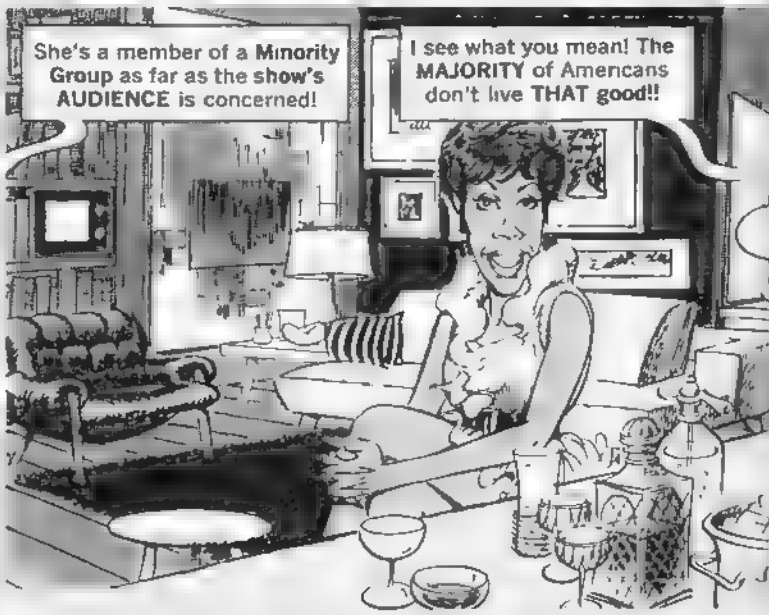
Thanks for stopping by here! I really must show up at my Club Meeting . . .
What kind of a club is it?
Remember years ago when Family Situation Comedies had stupid, idiotic husbands in them? Well, my club is made up of women in TV who have gone one better . ..
121
SOUL


We've eliminated husbands ENTIRELY!
TV WIDOWS' CLUB


Y'know . . I WORRY about Jewella! It's not an easy life for her, being hated and despised as a member of a Minority Group . . .
Gee, we don't treat her as a member of a Minority Group on the show!

No . . . but look at that apartment she lives in .

And look at that fantastic wardrobe she's got . . .


She's a member of a Minority Group as far as the show's AUDIENCE is concerned!
I see what you mean! The MAJORITY of Americans don't live THAT good!!

PUT UP YOUR "DUKES" DEPT.

A Dove's-Eye View Of T

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

he Joint Chiefs Of Staff

PHOTO BY:
WIDE WORLD

WHAT WERE THE INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE "PUEBLO AFFAIR" REALLY LOOKING FOR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

There will always be controversy over the recent "Pueblo Affair"...even long after the investigations into it are concluded. But what were the Military Fact-Finding Committees really looking for? To get the answer, simply fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◄ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A LOYAL, DEDICATED FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE MUST NATURALLY DIG HARD AND DEEP. IT IS ALWAYS HEAVY GOING WHEN JUDGING THE ACTIONS OF MEN IN COMBAT!

WHAT WERE THE INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE "PUEBLO AFFAIR" REALLY LOOKING FOR?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ⋈ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A
NAVY
GOAT!

A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Ultra-White Toothpaste Commercial

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO